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TWILIGHT SONGS.

BY COYLE DOUGLAS.

Mignonne, my beautiful, touch the keys
In a rippling prelude gay and light;
Pour out a melody airy—sweet
As the froth on the draught we sipped to night;
And away to some far, bright Isle of June
In the glow of a slumberous afternoon,
My thought shall fly on the fleetest wing,
With a bird's swift sailing while you sing.

Give me a boat song—I can see
The white sails spread to the sunny sky;
I can feel the dash of the shining spray,
And the rush of the light winds sweeping by;
The sailors' chorus is borne ashore
As their shallop dances the blue waves o'er;
And the dip of the oars in the silver tide
Leaves sheen on the waters where they glide.

Sing to me not of the wrecks that lie
On the treacherous sands away from sight;
Nor the petrel's cry in the raging storm—
Mine is no wrathful mood to-night;
But lead me the rather through summer woods,
Where the sunlight shimmers in golden floods,
And the twitter of robins in leafy nooks
Fills in with the laughter of hidden brooks.

Softly, my Mignonne—a witching strain,
While I dream of a dark-eyed Spanish maid,
Who leans from her lattice to catch the lilt
Of a tinkling Moorish serenade.
Murmur of lutes and light guitars—
I hear them under the silver stars,
As the song flows over your scarlet lips;
And the music died 'neath your finger-tips.

The breath of the sweet Castilian rose
Floats up as the dewy shadows fall;
And the nightingale flings out her crystal notes
In an Andalusian madrigal.
And forever a throbbing melody
From the earth to the arch of the purple sky,
Like the passionate pulse of a summer sea,
Kisses and falls eternally.

Change me the measure, Mignonne, love,
So my vagrant fancy may cease to roam;
Find me a heart-strain sweet and low—
Sing me the tender song of home;
And under the glance of your gentle eyes,
In whose bright depths the love-light lies—
I will fold my wings in a happy rest,
For this is the music of all the best.

THE POSTMAN'S KNOCK.

BY ELTON ELSMORE.

CHAPTER VII.—[CONTINUED]

THE latter had wrought himself up to a great pitch of excitement, and independently of the old avidity for justice on his brother's murderer, there was now added to it the desire of winning in the judicial battle being fought.

Meanwhile the trial proceeded rapidly. The witnesses had little to do but give short details of few and simple facts. There was no cross examination from the opposite side and all was clear sailing.

Mr. Ricarbo alone seemed embarrassed when entering the witness box. He looked more lividly pale than ever, and as he gave his short evidence confirmatory of Bertram's own account of the transactions of that fatal day, people pitied him, he seemed to struggle so vainly for the power of speaking calmly, and without confusion.

As he rejoined his partner, who had preceded him in the witness box, the latter eagerly greeted him with "Pray, pray, keep up, Ricarbo; just till this is over, you know just till we have our triumph, you know. I know you're ill yourself, and anxious about your daughter. It's very unlucky; but pray keep up. Are you faint again?"

"Yes one of those fits that have come over me since I have been so distressed about my poor girl that's all. It's over now," he replied.

"Ah yes, poor, poor thing, I'm very sorry," said Mr. Levingstone; "but when once when this is over, you can start for Italy, and I dare say she'll soon get well, when once there.

"England's a horrible place," he added, shrugging his shoulders.

A few minutes more and the case for the prosecution was complete. So certain had the reiteration of the facts made it clear who was the murderer, that a revulsion of feeling had, with a few exceptions, generally taken place in the minds of those present. Instead of the sad, resigned man, whose guilt and fate seemed doubtful, the greatest proportion of that gaping crowd now saw only a hardened, hypocritical criminal, who could not meet his deserved fate too soon. Some few were curious to know what defence was about to be made, fewer still anxious whether or no there might be any effectual defence to make at all. Hitherto nothing had been done in the prisoner's behalf. No cross-examination, no questioning of any of the evidence adduced.

Now came a breathless pause. When would the prisoner's counsel open the defence? The silence remained unbroken for several moments, then wondering whispers began to be rife.

Bertram himself looked questioningly round for the face he had learned to look on as a tried friend. Still no one came forward; Ralph Humphry was nowhere to be seen.

At length the question came, "Has the prisoner no counsel?"

"Yes, my lord, Mr. Humphry."

Another pause; and then the question came, "Where is the prisoner's counsel?" None could answer. The solicitor had been there at the commencement of the trial, but he too had now disappeared; doubtless to seek the counsel, who must suddenly have been taken ill.

The Court waited on for a short time. Messengers were even sent to seek the missing counsel and his solicitor. Neither could be found. It was only ascertained that certainly they were not ill; both had been seen perfectly well that morning, and neither was at his office.

Again the judge waited, but at length he asked if the prisoner wished for any further delay.

His trial had been postponed more than once; still, if there were good reasons for this unaccountable absence of his counsel, it should yet be delayed once again.

Alfred Levingstone ground his teeth with impatient disappointment, and starting up, begged his lordship to consider how extremely inconvenient these delays were to those concerned; how clear were the facts of the case; and that the counsel had no doubt thrown up his brief in despair at the very last moment.

He would have said much more, but the judge waved him down, and looked, in the midst of a breathless hush, for an answer from the prisoner.

Poor Bertram! He was again stunned. He felt the probability of what Alfred Levingstone had suggested, and though his heart refused to own its truth, his reason kept insisting on it till utter despair had wellnigh overwhelmed what little calmness and presence of mind remained to him after the first shock of Ralph's absence being clearly ascertained.

He struggled for a few seconds with his feelings, and successfully, for though his answers were very low they were yet firm and distinct.

"No, my lord," said William; "I will not ask again for any delay."

He was then asked if one of the counsel present should undertake his defence. This he instantly but gratefully declined. Lastly, the question came, what had he to plead on his own behalf.

"Nothing, my lord, but my innocence," he replied.

"I know no more than what I have already stated. God knows that I am not guilty."

William leant back, for a sort of faintness overpowered him.

He could say no more. The judge signalled for the trial to proceed, when a piercing voice of entreaty rung through the Court, and was felt in every heart, the depth and utter abandonment of its misery and prayerfulness was so sincere.

"Oh wait, wait! He will come, he will come! I know he will come."

All eyes turned towards the point whence the voice proceeded, but, save those directly round her, none saw whose it was, not even the judge, rapid and keen though his glance was, for poor Jessie sunk cowering back the moment the words her agony had wrung from her had passed her lips, abashed at the cold, curious, half-derisive eyes fixed on her by all immediately about her. She was alone, all alone, in that cold, unsympathising crowd, for Mrs. Granton, kind as she was in her way, had not that kind of charity which would have made her brave all distasteful circumstances, and give the poor forlorn girl the countenance and comfort of her personal presence and sympathy during this trying time. The revulsion of feeling which attended Jessie's sudden knowledge that her last prop, her much rested-on hope had failed her — the hardly won promise broken, and no Ralph Humphry there—was too much even for Jessie and her brave heart, and after that one bitter cry of remonstrance, which her instinct rather than her reason bade her utter, all power of action, almost of thinking, forsook her for the time.

Yet her hope had not utterly deserted her even yet. She knew this, though she could not realise wherefore. She was conscious of it only, and an eager desire to collect her faculties and fit herself once more for action took possession of her.

Meanwhile the excitement produced by Jessie's wild cry had subsided, only the prisoner's face was still shaded by the hand he raised there the moment that despairing cry rung upon his ears; otherwise the assembly was as calm as before it had been uttered, signal of a heart near breaking though it was.

One or two witnesses now came forward of their own accord to speak to the prisoner's character; amongst them the old clergyman of his mother's parish, and the porter whom Ralph had particularly referred to in his conversation with Bertram; but, alas! their evidence, true as it was and warmly given, seemed to be as nothing now, weighed against that other fearful scale of facts and circumstantial evidence, with no able counsel to make the most of such meagre stuff as there was.

The counsel for the prosecution again rose, but this time his address was even shorter than at first.

It was not long, but full of matter. Succinctly he touched on all the suspicious circumstances which seemed to point out the prisoner as guilty; then he again spoke earnestly almost warmly, on the possibility of his innocence; after which he bade them give their verdict truly and justly, according to their best ability.

Another pause, but not a long one. No, the jury were not even going to retire. The foreman stepped forward. "Guilty, my lord."

Alas! those few words, struck like a knell on Bertram's heart, as he stood there striving to regain something of the composure he brought there with him after a hard-fought struggle.

Guilty—yes, guilty! What! branded as a murderer, and the murderer too of his dear kind master? Yes—why not? He had known it must be so all along; why did it seem to fall so heavily upon him now like a new unexpected shock? He clutched the bar in front to support himself, he tried to look round; he could not see; his eyes were dazzled, his head swam; he saw nothing but the judge's face and a great black cap—while murder! murder! was the fearful word which kept ringing in his ears. Poor fellow! it was not till that moment he fully recognised what it was for which he had believed he had prepared himself so fully.

Jessie—poor Jessie! Happily, she had not heard those fearful words. Still busy with her own inward struggle, she was blind and deaf to all outward things.

The court was in a buzz, mainly of satisfaction. Alfred Levingstone almost clapped his hands with pleasure.

"There!" he exclaimed to Ricarbo, "did I not tell you so? I was sure of it. What, going? Nay, just stay for the sentence; it won't be a minute. The judge is putting on the cap now."

"No, no, I cannot," returned Ricarbo, hurriedly. "Giuletta has been alone far too long already. Let me go——"

He was about to pass, when Mr. Levingstone again stretched forth his hand to detain him.

There was some confusion in the Court, then a buzz of voices; then the whole assembly was in a perfect hubbub of excitement and curiosity.

Suddenly, at the very moment when the judge was raising the black cap to his head, something occurred, no one exactly knew what, but both judges had disappeared from the bench, and a moment afterwards the crier announced that all people concerned in that trial, or subpœnaed on it as witnesses, were requested to remain in their places till further notice.

How very strange! What could it all mean?

* * * * * *

Hot as a half-broiled reaper toiling beneath the splendor of a mid-day August sun; dusty, moreover, as an unwatered London highway in dry weather could make him; a brain one chaos of shocked conviction, so that thoughts and images of every possible and impossible description crowded into it and before it, every moment with a confused rapidity, which refused to be checked by any effort, however earnest, that that astounded reason could make; such would not be exactly the state of either body or mind chosen by a young barrister as the one wherein to plead most effectively his first cause.

Yet it was precisely thus, physically weary and exhausted, mentally overwrought and excited, that poor Ralph now advanced to take his position as prisoner's counsel, and apologize to the Court as best he might for his absence at the time he ought to have been there.

Mr. Northurst, too, was now there, looking extremely important, yet as bewildered as his well-educated countenance would ever allow him to look, wiping the perspiration from his forehead at every moment, sending innumerable little notes in every direction, and whispering various orders in turn to the satellites surrounding him.

For one minute Ralph stood silent after he had gained his appointed place in Court. He looked round the full assembly, now eager and excited, as they had before been apathetic and indifferent.

Hundreds of eyes were upon him—curious, expectant.

His brain whirled and tossed with a thousand undigested thoughts, visions of things happened, things that might yet happen, all crowded together in a confused melee, blending with a half consciousness of the present and what it behoved him to do.

For a few moments he felt bewildered, oppressed, a sense of something to be done, which it was impossible to do, weighed him down; self-possession seemed irretrievably lost, when suddenly his wandering eyes rested on the prisoner at the bar.

The sight of that dejected, hopeless face struck to his heart, thrilled through his whole frame, and his shaken faculties seemed suddenly restored to their pristine vigor, his excited mind to recover its composure. One more glance around, calm and stead-

fast now—one moment's real thought, rapid, but clear, and the counsel began his pleading.

His voice was distinct and audible throughout the whole Court, and though at first a slight tremor was perceptible, it lessened as the speech progressed, and soon passed away altogether, lost in the finer and nervous tones which were making their way to the listener's heart, as they rang with the strength of conscious truth on the understandings of even the most prejudiced.

Criticising elders, old in their art, leant their wigged heads forward to listen, and yet could find no flaw in their young brother's pleading.

Ralph first apologized shortly for his unusual absence, the reasons for which he would not, he said, occupy the Court's time with explaining now, since they would shortly be made clear to them in the ordinary course.

He then spoke of the circumstances which led to the prisoner's arrest, giving considerable force to the fact of the evidence of his guilt being merely presumptive, gathered, in fact, solely from his own admission; dwelt on the excellent character he had hitherto maintained unturnished, and finally wound up well and ably with the hope that he was in a position to prove his client's entire innocence to the perfect satisfaction of the jury.

His speech was not long, but it was well delivered, nervous, and succinct.

He carried the listening attention of the whole assembly with him to the end of it, while the small remains of his own confusion vanished entirely as he warmed with his subject, and lost all personal consciousness in the interest and excitement of his cause. He forgot himself, nay, he forgot Mary. The prisoner and the prisoner's fate were alone present to his mind.

When his speech was concluded a strange witness was called forward—the master of the post-office into whose box William had dropped the missing letter.

As soon as he was sworn the counsel proceeded with his examination.

"Do you remember any particular letter being posted in your box on the night of the 17th of January last?"

"Yes, I do. I had just cleared my box and made up the bags ready for the morning's early collection, as I usually do, all but sealing, at night, just before going to bed, when I heard a letter drop through the slit.

"I'd forgot to put the drawer back for the minute, and being a single letter, I took it up and looked at it, and read the direction and inscription on the seal."

"Can you affirm on your oath what address and seal it had?"

"Oh yes, I know the seal as well as my name.

"It was the seal of Mr. Levingstone's business letters.

"The letter was directed to Mr. Ricarbo, at his house in Regent's Park, and was double weight."

"Could you swear to the handwritting? Is that it?"

"Yes, that is the exact address and the same writting. I put the letter up with the rest, and it went off in the bag."

"I think, my lord, this proves that the prisoner's assertion as regards the writing and posting of the missing letter is perfectly true, whatever became of it afterwards," said Ralph. "But this is a trifle in comparison with other evidence I have to bring before you."

The counsel for the prosecution declining all cross-examination of this last witness, he was succeeded by a respectable-looking, grey-haired man, who, being sworn, proceeded to give evidence slowly but clearly.

"I am a chemist and druggist, and have resided for many years in my shop in No. 46,——Street.

"On the afternoon of the 17th of January last, as it was drawing towards dark a gentleman and lady came into my shop.

"I was busy at the upper end of it, and neither of my young men happened to be in the way.

"The gentleman came up to me, and left the lady standing near the door.

"He leant over the counter, and whispered to me that he had brought the lady there to buy some remedy for a favorite old dog, 'but,' said he; 'you must give her a strong dose of——,'—naming the particular poison he wished, 'because the creature must be put out of his misery, and he is a large dog, and will require as much or more than a human being——"

"He lies! I never said that," was uttered in an agonized tone, almost a shriek.

Many eyes turned on the speaker, and he shrank back on his seat, cowering like a hound beneath the lash.

Two officers of justice were standing close behind him.

They had been there some time, but none had noted them—not even the unhappy wretch whose thrice-repeated attempts to leave the Court unnoticed had been stopped by utter physical prostration, before their interference had been necessary.

The interruption now caused was but momentary.

Some had not even heard it, though the judge did, and so also had both the counsel. The witness had not, and proceeded unmoved.

"'Mind, she is to think it will cure him—you understand; she is fond of him, that we must manage her.'

"The lady was coming forward now, seeming impatient, so I could only nod at the gentleman before up she came quite in a hurry, and looked at me with inquisitive eyes. "Can you cure him?' said she, in a low, impatient tone.

"Before I could answer, the gentleman said, 'Yes, yes, my dear, he'll do it, only don't tease him with questions; he must make it up carefully, you know; he's got the recipe;' and while I went about getting the poison, he walked her up and down the shop.

"It was a terrible dose he wanted, and presently I asked him for his card.

"I didn't say why, because of the lady, but I looked at him and he understood.

"He took out his card-case, but said it was very unlucky he had used his last card that day; but he would write his name and address. Here it is."

The witness handed up a card, and, on a hint from the counsel, proceeded.

"I had the packet ready by this time, and the lady came forward in a great flurry to take it.

"When she got it in her hands she turned it over and over, and presently said, 'You are sure it will cure him?' 'Yes,' I said, 'You have what will end all his pain, ma'am; only be careful he takes it all and leaves none about.'

"She looked at me a minute more as if to understand my meaning, and then bowed her head and went off out of the shop; 'You see how bent she is on it,' and hurried after her."

"Have you since that time seen either the gentleman or the lady?"

"Not till to-day."

"You can swear to both?"

"To the gentleman certainly I can, and I think to the lady; but she was closely veiled, so that I could only see her eyes distinctly."

"Look round—see if either of them is now in Court."

The old man glanced round, and then said, "I see the gentleman in Court."

"That will do," said the Judge.

The astounded counsel for the prosecution who now began to see the turn things were taking, and how useless any attempt on his part to alter it would be, at least till he understood more clearly what the truth really was, continuing to decline interference, the other witness was called.

The next gave his account as clearly as his predecessor.

"I'm a cabman, and on the west line. I was a top o' Regent Street one January night, the seventeenth 'twas, and on the look-out for fares, when a gent comes up with a lady on his arm, which was all muffled up like a young babby, though she was a-nigh as big as myself, and, says he, 'Cabby, you take this lady where she wants to go, and bring 'er back 'ere quiet and safe, and I'll give ye a pound,' says he, 'and there's your fare for two hours beforehand.' So I tips him a very civil salute, yer honor, and says, 'Yes, sir, you may depend on me, sir;' and he 'elps the lady in, and I ask where I'm to drive, and he says 'Down there and the lady 'll tell you arter.' So down Oxford Street we goes, and presently out she puts her head, and I stops, and she gives me the names o' a list o' streets all running in and out of one another, but all leading east, and I goes on all through 'em as she tells me, till we come down at a court, and then she bids me let her out and wait for her there till she comes back.

"Well, yer honor, I've had queer jobs in my time afore now, but I'm a bit curious always to know the bend on 'em; so ven she's safe down I visties to a mate o' mine I'd seen as I come by a public, and 'olds my hoss and I follows the lady.

"Well, I follows her through many courts and passages till I didn't know vere I vos myself, and presently she stops at the corner and vaits, looking up and down the large still street we'd come to; and by-and-by I hears a door slam and footsteps coming fast along the pavement. "Now for it,' thinks I, 'we're going to have a tender meeting.' But no such thing, yer honor; the footsteps went on, and she darts out like a mad thing down the street, hopens a door very quick, and hin she goes.

"I didn't know the street in that light, coming on it sudden through all them passages, and I was afraid o' going up to the street top, for fear she'd come hout on the sudden and catch me.

"Ladies don't like being watched on their little travels, you know, yer honor, and I thought o' my sovereign.

"However, I looks all about me and takes my markings well, so I should know it agen by getting at it the same way; and by that hout she comes, and away I goes, and had to make a good run for it, too, to get on my cab afore she was back, she come at such a pace."

"And where did you then go?"

"Vy, back agen, to be sure, sir, and gives her hup to the hold gent, and he gives me the sovereign, and so ve parts very vell contented vith hesch other."

"Have you ever found out where the lady went, and into whose house?"

"Yes, but not to-day. I ain't had time, and besides has nothing didn't seem up about it, I had near forgot it, till that 'ere peeler comes and axes me this morning, and then I vent along o' 'im and pinted hout the very 'ouse!"

The cabman, who was somewhat of a jocose character, gave a very knowing look as he concluded, and seemed rather disappointed on being dismissed for his friend, the peeler, to take his place. The latter proceeded thus:—

"I was instructed this morning to find out the cabman who took up the lady on the evening of the 17th of January; I did find him, No. 169, and accompanied him along the little street and bye-lanes he had been directed to drive through that night, and then along the courts through which the lady had walked.

"When he came to the larger street he recognized it at once, and so he did the house.

"It was the late Mr. Levingstone's warehouse, and the door by which she entered was Mr. Levingstone's private door.

"The cabman remembers the time exactly; he heard the clock chime while he was waiting with the lady at the corner, and it was exactly the same hour at which the prisoner stated he left Mr. Levingstone to post the letter that had been lost."

An excited murmur ran through the Court as the witness ceased.

Ralph rose and requested permission to recall both the chemist and the cabman at one time. It was granted, and they stood side by side.

"If you see the gentleman who come to you, with a lady, on the night of the 17th of January last, anywhere in this Court, have the kindess to point him out."

There was not a moment's hesitation. Both had seen him when giving their evidence; both now pointed him out simultaneously. It was Mr. Ricarbo!

The wretched man, whose countenance betrayed all he had been suffering, could endure no more.

He caught Mr. Alfred Levingstone's horror-struck glance of repugnant detestation, as he sprang back from his side, and fell senseless into the arms of the officers who had been waiting some time for the signal now given to take him into custody, and remove him.

The Court was in a perfect uproar as Ralph rose to make his concluding address to it; but the hubbub lessened gradually, and soon died away altogether, as the young counsel proceeded in his pleadings.

He told them first that the facts just proved before them had only been brought to light that very morning by an accidental circumstance, and that it was owing to this that he had not appeared at the time he ought to have done.

Slightly, but strikingly, he touched on the strong evidence of guilt now adduced against another, and then, with a full burst of glowing eloquence, he drew the picture of William Bertram's sufferings.

When he had brought his powerful address to a close, the judge once more addressed the jury; once more the foreman, with scarce a moment's hesitation, spoke their verdict, "Not Guilty;" and loud cheers rang through the Court, so that for many moments the judge himself could not obtain a hearing.

Whether those hearty shouts were for the prisoner or his counsel might be doubtful; for William Bertram, the prisoner in the dock, was merged for the moment in the figurative representation of him by Ralph Humphry's able brain, and the interest seemed but for one soul.

Admiration for the pleader, sympathy in every sentence uttered for his client, seemed to make the two one for the time being.

Acquitted! From the moment when that fearful sight, the black cap in the judge's hand, came before William's eyes, had been conscious of nothing else till his counsel's voice sounded suddenly upon his ears.

The lethargic stupor even of despair gave way before that tone; and Bertram woke again to outward things with that despising glance which had done such good service to Ralph's confused and wandering senses.

Step by step, hardly comprehending what they led to, Bertram followed the renewal of his own trial—followed it till he, too, forgot himself and his own fearful stake in it, in the astonishment and horror of the discovery dawning slowly on his mind.

So absorbed was he in this, that even Ralph's eloquence, and the shouts which followed, failed to rouse him; and it was only when, as the words of release were spoken, that he realized again his past and present position.

Happily the sights and sounds assembled to greet him were well calculated to cheer his saddened soul, and soothe his exhausted spirits: Jessie, with her soft, loving eyes, tender caresses, and happy face; Ralph, thoroughly sympathetic and friendly, though somewhat pale himself from recent fatigue and over excitement—rather bewildered, too, though entirely happy, with the sudden popularity by which he found himself surrounded.

Mr. Alfred Levingstone, too, was there, really subdued for once in his life, shocked and astounded into great quietness, but still eager to make every reparation in his power to the innocent young man against whom he had been nourishing so causeless but rancorous a hatred.

Bertram's old pastor of course was there, and honest Jerrard, and two or three more welcome, familiar faces; indeed, the poor desolate prisoner, who a short two hours back had felt so forlorn, as if forsaken by all, even by Jessie, and as though he must nerve himself to meet the prospect of a shameful death alone, without one kindly voice to bid him take heart, and be of good courage in his innocence, seemed now in danger of being overwhelmed in the exhaustion of reaction by the eager congratulations and proffered service of a "troop of friends."

CHAPTER VIII.

IT had been matter of surprise to some even of those who had heard Ralph plead as well as to those who only read his speech quietly at home, that he touched with so sparing a rod on the guilt of Ricarbo whom every one now regarded as the real murderer.

"He might have made many a telling bit if he had only amplified a little on that; I wonder he did not see it," said more than one barrister, now deeply interested in the young aspiring brother.

Ralph did see it, but he had weighty reasons in his own kind heart for not availing himself of those advantages, nay, for suppressing much that he might have said and proved on the spot; and though, as matters turned out, all was eventually known and widely circulated, still it was not only kinder but wiser in him to hold his peace then, and forego whatever benefit might have come to himself from speaking.

Moreover, people knew this in time, and what is more, acknowledged it, and paid him the more homage accordingly.

All which Ralph discovered, and how, shall now be briefly told—not as it appeared before the public after Ricarbo's trial, but in the same order as it met his astonished self.

The fact was that his eyes no sooner lighted on the latchkey given him by William than they were arrested by the sight of a piece of muslin or some sort of stuff used by women for their dress, entangled in the wards.

It was a largish piece, with accompanying trimming, and he instantly, almost before thoughts could form themselves into the conviction, identified it as part of the dress worn by Miss Ricarbo.

Her singular appearance had had such an effect on him as to impress all connected with her strongly on his mind, even to her very dress, which, like everything else about her, had something unusual in make and pattern.

It was a strange coincidence, and like a lightning-flash the truth darted on his mind.

He had often dwelt with a pertinacity which astonished himself on the Ricarbos, and the story of their intercourse with Mr. Levingstone, as related by Bertram.

Indeed, he had pondered over it sometimes till it seemed as if these singular people must know more of his mysterious death—be in some way connected with it; and although he had roused from such reveries with a start, and banished the ideas as suspicious and unworthy alike of himself and them, they had recurred to him in spite of himself again and again.

The partners, besides William, had those latchkeys.

Here was at last a clue; rapidly he followed it up.

First he went to his lawyer's. Mr. Northurst was astonished; but this time he evidenced rather an admiration than contempt for the young counsel.

He entered upon the matter with animation, but caution.

Detective police were set to work instantly, but stealthily; and he would have applied for further delay of the trial, had not Ralph forbade him.

"That must be our last resource," said the young barrister. "It would arouse Ricarbo's suspicions; and all depends now on his present perfect security.

"I am going instantly to his house. You follow me there, and manage as I have told you."

Mr. Northurst was a shade ruffled, but disputed not.

Arrived at Mr. Ricarbo's, Ralph at once requested to speak with his daughter.

The servant demurred for a little, saying Miss Ricarbo had seen no one for many weeks; but at length, on Ralph's representing, as calmly as he could, that he came on business admitting no delay, he was admitted, his previous interviews with the head of the house helping to render him safe, and partly privileged person, in the eyes of that respectable, gentleman-divining butler of the nineteenth centry.

Ralph felt almost inclined to turn back as soon as he crossed the threshold, as the thought of what he came for rushed upon him; his greatest difficulty was how to begin, how to introduce the subject of his visit how to lead the way to such a course of conversation as would naturally bring some indication of what his suspicions alone had as yet pointed out.

He was ushered at once into the same room as formerly, and ere he had quite realized all the painful difficulties of his present position, Miss Ricarbo was again before him; her eyes, more restless and wistful than ever, reading his face with great eagerness. He was casting about in mind how to break the silence when she herself saved him the trouble, and at the same time with her first words smoothed the chief perplexities in his way.

"Do you come from him? I know you do—you talked of him before.

"Is he well yet?—poor Levingstone? My father said he would come soon, but he has not been. It is so long to be patient!"

Her voice was very piteous, and went straight to Ralph's heart; but there was no time to lose—an opening had been given to him, an opening more promising than he could possibly have hoped for, and he must avail himself of it instantly.

Gently he humored the unhappy girl in her belief that he was an ambassador on the part of Mr. Levingstone, and after that soon drew from her sufficient to afford satisfactory clues for Mr. Northurst to set his myrmidons to work, which he did, as has appeared, with a good result.

That gentleman had followed Ralph as directed, and thanks to his native sagacity, and past years' experience of the world of London servants, had found less difficulty, though a stranger, in securing his appointed post behind the screen in the room where the momentous interview between the unfortunate Giuletta and Ralph was going forward, than a letter had in obtaining ordinary admission to the house.

The exact truth, and detailed accounts of the various events which led to the commission of Ricarbo's fearful crime, were not then arrived at in full, but subsequent circumstances made them public property, and they may be briefly given at once.

The ambition of Stefanio Ricarbo's life was to rise to a high position in English society.

For this he toiled in the sweat of his brow as a young man, and his youth was as much

and sordid as his middle-age appeared profuse and extravagant.

For this he wooed and won the richly portioned daughter of an Italian merchant, and became the confidential but unacknowledged channel through which the house of Levingstone conducted all its foreign business.

For this he encouraged the head of the firm to visit at his house more and more intimately after his wife's death, in hope that he would relieve him of his daughter without requiring a heavy dower, leaving him unincumbered to soar yet higher in the circle of his idolatry, and mate with some mammon-worshiping goddess of rank and fashion.

To this one object of his whole life, Ricarbo had so long made all others subservient, that he himself now only lived in the prospect of its realization.

Every passion, every instinct of his Southern nature, was merged and incorporated into this one aim, till it became to him the very air he breathed, the food he fed on, the necessity for which alone he lived, and to which all other things must be sacrificed.

He had hitherto succeeded but badly in this sole object of his mechanical life.

Ricarbo failed in being admitted as a native among those, to become one of whom he was ready to sacrifice his soul.

True, they ate his dinners, graced his balls with their presence, borrowed his money, rode in his carriage, and drank his wine—but they considered all these as condescending favors on their part, and laughed at the parvenu millionaire in private, and he knew it.

First he attributed his failure to his young and passionate Italian wife, who, could his self-preoccupation have allowed him to see it, was really a favorite with them than otherwise, next to his handsome but passionate-natured daughter, and lastly to his connection with the city firm.

To each and everything but to himself, and his invincibly low and unattractive nature, did he give the credit of his continued exile from the haven of his hopes.

The disappointment soured him; he had lavished money recklessly without satisfaction to himself, and while the desire of his heart had become well-nigh confirmed to a disease, its accomplishment appeared farther off than ever.

It appeared to him that his all, his last chance of success rested on his marrying his daughter to Mr. Levingstone, and getting rid of her, and all ostensible connection with the firm, at one and the same time.

Things appeared to go on smoothly for a while, and to tend exactly to the point he so much desired; his partner was regular in his visits, and kind and attentive to the motherless girl, while she, poor thing, as a less interested observer than her father might have seen with a glance, had given all the passionate devotion of her warm undisciplined heart to the firm friend of her mother, the gentle consolor of herself.

So things continued for a time, then Ricarbo's feverish impatience for a crisis was gratified.

It came; Giuletta's hand was sought by a gentleman whom every one but her father and herself would have considered a good and suitable match.

Ricarbo consulted Mr. Levingstone, ostensibly to take his advice, really to precipitate his own anticipated proposals.

He strongly advocated the young aspirant's cause, speaking of Giuletta as a daughter of his own than as his possible wife.

Ricarbo, whose absorption in his one idea and passion was beginning to tell upon his brain; lost all prudence and command over his temper and tongue, and accused Mr. Levingstone of trifling with his daughter's affections, and was upbraided in turn with want of delicacy towards her, for insinuating that she ever did or could regard Mr. Levingstone in any other light than a second father.

They parted mutually irate with each other, and Mr. Levingstone, disgusted with the partner, forbore to visit at his house again.

Ricarbo, on reflection, saw this time that Giuletta's affections were much inclined towards himself, if not entirely given to him.

But again he failed in his object. Mr. Levingstone was only deeply grieved, and so far overcame his natural reserve, as to tell the father that a marriage he had planned in early life, having never taken place, he could never again entertain any thoughts on the subject; that to think such a thing possible could only entail future misery on all concerned; and that loving Giuletta as he really did, the kindest thing he could do was to keep entirely away from her for a time.

Ricarbo could move him to no other course.

He left, burning with suppressed fury. Not only would he not marry Giuletta, but the latter's infatuated attachment would prevent her marrying any one else, for a while at least; and he could not afford to lose time.

The one wearying anxiety of his life was telling on his health; years, too, were advancing; and, worse than all, the extravagant expenditure he had indulged in was reducing his princely fortune—nay, he was absolutely even now in some perplexity how to meet his Christmas bills.

There is no need to follow the diabolical suggestions which found but too easy entrance to the warped mind of this miserable creature, or the horrible plan which at length grew and shaped itself ready for action under their influence.

First he was tempted to secure large sums of the firm's money for his own private benefit, partly to ease his own embarrassments and partly as a petty revenge on Mr. Levingstone; then that desire of revenge grew stronger and stronger, till it almost eclipsed the original passion of his life, or seemed but a necessary step whereby to reach it.

Meanwhile Giuletta pined for the only congenial companionship she had ever known, and grew wan in face and excitable in temper.

Even his cold, cruel, iron rule seemed losing its power.

Mr. Levingstone fell ill; the Christmas accounts were being made out; the society he had courted seemed shyer of him than ever.

Giuletta importunately demanded why the accustomed guest now never came, and would see no one since the sun of her gloomy life was absent.

The diabolical notion which had meanwhile entered his brain grew, ripened, and was carried out.

Giuletta, deceived and trusting, was the willing instrument of the horrible deed.

Believing her father's tale of her lover's long sickness being the cause of his absence—of the cure to be effected by means of a mysterious powder, the foreign recipe for whose manufacture he showed her—she consented to administer it herself, though insisting on going to the chemist's with him to procure it, to ask a corroboration of its efficacy.

Full of woman's love and woman's tact, Giuletta listened to her father's instructions how to act in giving it to the man she loved, and implicitly followed them—went alone to his rooms, admitted herself with her father's key, presented herself to him once more as that father's messenger, concealed the strong emotion agitating her while with him, dexterously substituted the fatal poison she believed so sure a cure, for the doctor's medicine, changing the powders but not the papers, and then withdrew before her passionate affection broke down the barrier which prudence and fear for his health had built up against the natural warmth of her heart.

Alas, poor, deluded Giuletta! Hers was indeed a bitter fate, and faint consciousness of this seemed at length to dawn upon her father, and awake some sort of feeling for her within his cold and selfish breast, when he found himself a nine day's wonder, a loathed byword among those whose favor he had so striven all his life to win.

At any rate, "to spare his daughter" was the reason he gave for the full confession made by him shortly after his arrest.

He pleaded "Guilty" at his trial, and suffered the full penalty of his dreadful crime.

For his unhappy daughter, a severe brain fever seized on her a few hours after her interview with Ralph, the greatest blessing which could have been sent her just at that juncture.

Her mind had been suffering long and deeply—first from the, to her, unaccountable absence of the man she loved; then from her father's strange behavior towards her; then from the excitement of hearing from that father of Mr. Levingstone's illness, which he of course exaggerated both as to its nature and duration; the mysterious fashion in which she, following his directions, administered the only effective cure, all these things, followed up by her father's subsequently keeping her in str ct seclusion watching jealously over her; daily, hourly, suffering no one to hold intercourse with her; intercepting all papers; allowing her to hear nothing, know nothing of the outward world, not even of Mr. Levingstone, and his progress towards recovery, except what he himself conveyed to her, had overwrought her mind.

Anxiety and excitement were making strange havoc of her intellect, and when at last she had that interview with Ralph, after being debarred for months from any conversation with any one except her father, whose few sentences were to her always cold and brief, the change and revulsion proved too much for her, and she was seized with an illness which for some weeks threatened her life.

Happy was it that for many days Giuletta lay unconscious of all things.

Before the recovery of her sense, Ralph Humphry's thoughtful care had given her a cautious nurse and gentle comforter in his own Mary.

Gradually the news of her father's and Mr. Levingstone's decease was broken to her as she was able to bear it, but the true and fearful facts connected with both deaths and her own part in them, she never knew. The story had become an old one ere she was again able to mix in the world, and then by Ralph's advice and arrangement, she went to her mother's native Italy; was received by her relations there, and never again revisited the land of her birth.

Mr. Alfred Levingstone, in a fit of compunction and generosity, purchased an annuity for her with part of the money wrongfully appropriated by her father, which had since been recovered by himself; but this too, she of course never knew, and always imagined it the provision left to her by her father.

The firm of "Levingstone and Co," has ceased altogether to exist.

Mr. Alfred, almost paralysed by the narrow escape of the innocent Bertram, and sudden conviction of the guilty Ricarbo, lost much of the vivacity of his disposition and eager desire for revenge, becoming for a time at least a quieter and sadder man.

Immediately after Ricarbo's trial Mr. Levingstone wound up the affairs of the firm and retired from business altogether, returning to his beloved Continent with the large fortune which his own and his brother's share in the firm realized for him.

First, however, he made as ample compensation to Bertram as proffered friendship and substantial money could do for all the misery and despair he had innocently suffered.

Bertram and Jessie were married happily at last, and Bertram became in process of time head clerk to his old counsel, whose chambers presented a far different sight in these days from what they had done when Bertram became his first client.

Instead of no clerk at all, there were now several; the once dark, deserted rooms were often thronged with people; and Ralph, in lieu of the many leisure hours formerly on his hands, could scarcely steal a spare moment to himself, so many briefs were always lying before him.

Mary herself complained that she had more of Ralph's company when together, and of his letters when absent, in the old long-ago of courtship and poverty, than his wife and children could get now from the busy barrister, and stately judge that was soon to be.

"Well, Mary, it was all your doing; without your faith and your preachings I should have thrown up my first brief in despair and lost all," he would sometimes laughingly answer to her plaint; "it was all your doing!"

"No, it was not," she would reply; "I did not do it, but Jessie did it with her POSTMAN'S KNOCK."

[THE END]

ALL FROM A RING.—A lady well known in the fashionable society of Vienna pined to go to a lily ball, which is the Viennese representative of the Parisian Mabille. At last she found a confidential connection of her husband's family, whom she persuaded to take her to the ball in domino, but with all her disguise she refused to lay aside for the time her wedding ring, which she held to be the talisman of good luck, not to be parted with for a moment. It was a peculiar ring, set with seven beautiful diamonds, which some mask admired even more than the wearer's adorable eyes; and while he was comparing them in a complimentary speech to the lady, which she endured with a frolicsome spirit natural in a disguised domino, the ring disappeared. The lady was frantic with fright and her escort with fear that her husband would shoot him if he discovered the escapade, and so a *fac simile* ring was made, and the lady fondly thought she was safe, when suddenly a detective appeared with the real ring. The story being related by a Bohemian of the press, there at once assumed a complicated situation. A pawnbroker came for the price of the ring, and the husband of the lady arrived to whip the man who took her to the ball; the wife of the escort of the lady came to have a divorce on account of jealousy, and the owner of the newly-found ring wrote to the Bohemian narrator of the story to come and explain, and a poor actor being mistaken for him, was badly pommelled, and sued the husband of the ring-owner. So that the net result of an innocent frolic in going to a lily ball was that three men were beaten, one couple divorced all parties involved in scandal, and last but not least, the Bohemian discovered to be an old enemy of the Government. He lives in a Vienna prison, wishing that he had never told the truth in a newspaper.

WILD GIRLS.—Wildness is a thing which girls cannot afford. Delicacy is a thing which cannot be lost or found. No art can restore the grape its bloom. Familiarity without confidence, without regard, is destructive to all that makes women exalting and ennobling. It is the first duty of a woman to be a lady. Good-breeding is good sense. Bad manners in a woman is immorality. Awkwardness may be ineradicable. Bashfulness is constitutional. Ignorance of etiquette is the result of circumstances. All can be condoned and not banish men or women from the amenities of their kind. But self-possessed, unshrinking, and aggressive coarseness of demeanor may be reckoned as a state's prison offence, and certainly merits that mild form of restraint called imprisonment for life. It is a shame for women to be lectured on their manners. It is a bitter shame that they need it. Do not be restrained. Do not have impulses that need restraint. Do not wish to dance with the prince unsought; feel differently. Be sure you confer honor. Carry yourself so lofty that men will look up to your reward, not at you in rebuke. The natural sentiment of man toward women is reverence. He loses a large means of grace when he is obliged to account her a being to be trained in propriety. A man's ideal is not wounded when a woman falls in worldly wisdom; but if in grace, in tact, in sentiment, in delicacy, in kindness should she be found wanting, he receives an inward hurt.—GAIL HAMILTON.

TRY.—Try popcorn for nausea. Try cranberries for malaria. Try a sunbath, for rheumatism. Try ginger ale for stomach cramps. Try clam broth for a weak stomach. Try cranberry poultice for erysipelas. Try gargling lager beer for cure of sore throat. Try a wet towel to the back of the neck when sleepless. Try swallowing saliva when troubled with sour stomach. Try eating fresh radishes and yellow turnips for gravel. Try eating onions and horseradish to relieve dropsical swellings. Try buttermilk for removal of freckles, tan and butternut stains. Try a hot dry flannel over the seat of nouralgic pain and renew frequently. Try taking your codliver oil in tomato catsup, if you want to make it palatable. Try hard cider, a wineglassful three times a day, for ague and rheumatism. Try breathing the fumes of turpentine or carbolic acid to relieve whooping cough. Try taking a nap in the afternoon if you are going to be out late in the evening. Try a cloth wrung out from cold water put about the neck at night for sore throat. Try snuffing powdered borax up the nostrils for catarrhal "cold in the head." Try an extra pair of stockings outside of your shoes when traveling in cold weather.

Bric-a-Brac.

THE POPE'S EYE.—The piece of fat in the middle of a leg of mutton is called the Pope's Eye, because one of the Popes was so fond of that particular bit that he used to have a sheep killed every day for the sake of it.

BEARD AND MOUSTACHE.—Prince Albert was the first person near the throne in England who wore moustaches from the days of King Charles I. to our own time, and President Grant was the first bearded President of the United States. President Lincoln simply wore the all-round chin whiskers.

NEW IDEA IN TEA.—The revolving tea-set is new, beautiful and useful. It has a glass stand, the legs consisting of contorted dragons or other monsters, supporting a porcelain tray which is made to revolve. The hostess can sit beside the table and pour out the tea and coffee without disturbing the graceful folds of her silken robe; a slight touch of her jeweled fingers bringing the coffee, the sugar, spoons, etc., successively within reach.

THE REASON WHY.—"When we were young," said Sir John Lubbock recently, "we knew that the leopard had spots, the tiger was striped, and the lion tawny; but why this was so it did not occur to us to ask, and if we had asked no one would have answered. Now we see that the stripes of the tiger have reference to its life among the jungle grasses; the lion is sandy, like the desert, while the markings of the leopard resemble spots of sunshine glancing through the leaves."

CHIMNEYS AND FIREPLACES.—Chimneys were unknown in England until the twelfth century, and even then they were made the subject of legislation, as windows were at a later day. Only one chimney was allowed in a manor-house, one in a religious house, and one in the great hall of a castle. In the days of Henry VIII. no fireplace was allowed at the University of Oxford. Indeed, it was not until the beginning of the sixteenth century that the old state of things—a hole in the centre of the hall, the smoke escaping through the roof—was altered. An examination of the chimneys in manor-houses will prove that they must have been inserted about this period.

SNUFF BOXES.—Snuff boxes in France have been sometimes used politically. Thus the Bonapartists, during the banishment of their chief to Elba and while plotting his return, filled their boxes with violet-scented snuff, the violet being Napoleon's distinctive flower, and when offering this perfume would significantly inquire, "Do you love this perfume?" Talleyrand argued that snuff-taking was essential to all great politicians, as it gave them time for thought in answering awkward questions, while pretending only to indulge in a pinch; or a proper management of the box enabled them to adapt themselves to many temporary necessities of diplomacy.

THE ROTHSCHILDS.—A curious instance of a change of surnames is that which occurred in the Rothschild family, the well-known bankers of Europe. A century ago the wanderer through the Judengasse quarters on Frankfort-on-the-Main might have seen the name of "Bauer," or Peasant, at the entrance to the shop of a keen-eyed man, who made money-changing his business, and over the door the sign of a red shield. This man was successful, and his son, following his footsteps in the bill-discounting, money-changing business, changed his name also to that of Red Shield, (Rothschild,) and from him have descended the many bankers who have often loaned millions to the crowned heads of Europe.

HOW CHINAMEN CATCH DUCKS.—The Chinese have a very ingenious method of capturing wild ducks. When they see a flock they throw a number of gourds on the water and let them float down to the ducks. At first the fowls are afraid of them, but soon become accustomed to the strange visitors and swim around among them, rubbing their bills against them and playing with them. The Chinaman now places a large gourd with holes for the eyes and mouth out in it over his head and carefully wades out to the ducks, and reaches his hand up under the water, catches them by the feet, and by a quick movement draws them under the water and fastens them to a girdle that he wears around his waist. Sometimes an expert will capture a dozen before they become frightened and leave.

THE OLD AUSTRALIANS.—They used to fight in about the following fashion: When they came face to face with the enemy, they formed in ranks five, ten, or even twenty and forty deep. Then all the warriors together, grasping their weapons in their right hands, alternately lifted each leg and stamped upon the ground. Then, rapid as lightning, uttering frightful yells, with dilated nostrils and contorted features, they leaped upon the enemy; exchanging with him all sorts of insults and insulting challenges. After the fight was over, the wounded friends were removed from the battle-field; and the wounded enemies finished with tomahawks. If they were chiefs they were slowly tortured by being sawn apart in all the most tender portions of their bodies with saws made of shark's teeth—burning gum was then poured upon their wounds; and they were finally burned alive over a slow fire. When this carnage was over, holes were dug in the ground and fires lit in them, then the actors in this horrible drama, a drama which could not be fully described, shared the work of preparing the horrible banquet—some quartering the bodies, while others washed the pieces in running waters, and cast them upon the glowing embers.

AFTER.

BY NEMO.

After the showers, the tranquil sun;
After the snow, the emerald leaves;
Silver stars when the day is done:
After the harvest golden sheaves.

After the clouds, the violet sky:
After the tempest, the lull of waves;
Quiet woods when the winds go by,
After the battle, peaceful graves.

After the knell, the wedding bells;
After the bud the radiant rose;
Joyful greetings from sad farewells;
After our weeping, sweet repose.

After the burden, the blissful mead;
After the flight, the downy nest;
After the furrow, the waking seed,
And after the shadowy river—rest!

PRINCE AND PEASANT.

A Story of Russian Life.

BY MRS. W. H. HILL.

CHAPTER V.—[CONTINUED.]

THE keen blue eyes were looking right through Kemptio, but he wished to screen Platoff, so he lied.

"Yes, very frequently."

"Oh! you have heard it also, well, then, let me inform you all. I am not betrothed, either to my cousin Mascha or anyone else. Is that enough?"

"Yes," replied Platoff and his friend together.

He was glad to have the affair pass off so quietly.

Feodora was silent, she had not yet recovered from the annoyance she felt at Carlotta's unkindness.

Wittgenstein seemed to feel this.

He watched her for a moment and then went over and took a seat by her side.

"Feodora, are you angry with me?" he asked softly.

"No, Prince Wittgenstein. I was only wondering how people pretend to be friendly towards one and seize the first opportunity they can to act rudely and make one uncomfortable?"

She lifted her soft dark eyes to his face with a glance of melting sweetness; and the blood mounted to his brow as he felt that the words were intended to strike home.

"Do you mean that I have acted rudely, mademoiselle?"

"Why should I mean that? Surely, monseigneur, your conscience acquits you of being unkind, especially to an inferior."

There was a depth of quiet scorn in those few words that surprised the Prince.

He was, of course, rather angry, but the girl was so beautiful, and she was evidently no ordinary peasant girl, like Carlotta.

His heart was touched by her lovely face and graceful figure, and he could not but admire her spirit in giving this answer to a Prince.

"Feodora, my conscience does not acquit me. I have acted rudely, will you forgive me?"

His voice was so kind, and the pleading look in his large blue eyes so irresistible, that she smiled brightly and answered at once.

"Yes, indeed. You, too, must forgive me for speaking so boldly as I did just now."

They still sat beside the table, and Wittgenstein took advantage of it to clasp Feodora's hand, unseen by the others.

Platoff was unusually quiet.

He had received rather a severe fright by being detected in spreading a false report—this was rather a serious matter, and he wished the Prince to forget it as soon as possible.

Feodora thought this a good opportunity to slip the note she had written into the Prince's hand, and she did so.

He looked up gladly, and the little hand received a grateful pressure, which called up a bright flush to her cheeks.

She arose and drew near Carlotta, who was looking very gloomy at the turn affairs had taken.

She now realized that her influence over the Prince was a thing of the past, and her quick temper was kindled.

But she did not dare to express the anger she felt, and it burnt more fiercely from being concealed.

"Carlotta, you promised to help me about the fete. You are so clever, will you tell me what plan you have made?"

This was putting Carlotta's endurance to a severe test.

But Feodora knew she would not venture to display any ill-temper before Wittgenstein, so she thought it was probably the best opportunity she would have of arranging this affair.

"I have not thought of any plan yet," said Carlotta, rather shortly.

"I have then," observed the Prince, rising and coming forward. "There are to be a great many foreigners at Peterhoff, and Feodora shall go dressed in the latest Parisian fashion, and pass for a French lady. Or, let her go veiled to the eyes as a Turkish lady. What do you say, little one?"

"I should prefer being French, so that I might answer if anyone addressed a remark to me, but I know not what would become of me as a Turk," laughed the girl.

"And how will you obtain the dress?" inquired Carlotta.

"I will attend to that," said the Prince.

This plan was agreed to by all: Feodora was to refuse to accompany her father on the plea of being ill, and when left to herself leave the house and proceed to the residence of her friend Carlotta, and there array herself in the borrowed plumes and attend the fete, trusting to good fortune to escape detection.

When this was arranged, Prince Constantine bid farewell to the party, and left early, as he was on duty at the palace that night.

Feodora reached home about twelve o'clock and spent half the night in thinking of a plan to escape the following evening to meet the Prince at the summer garden.

CHAPTER VI.

THE SUMMER GARDEN.

THERE hung a dreamy hush over the beautiful summer garden.

The northern twilight was fading away into soft starlit night as Constantine paced up and down the lime walk waiting with all a lover's fond impatience for Feodora.

She had told him, in the short note that replied to his ardent epistle, how difficult it would be for her to leave home early in the evening, but she promised to come as soon as possible.

Eight o'clock was chimed by the bells of St. Petersburg, and the silver tones lingered over the dewy garden.

The pigeons in the cupolas of Nicolai Church, slightly disturbed by the noise, fluttered out a perfect cloud for a moment, and then flew back to their sacred home, till the next hour would again set in motion the countless bells in the three hundred churches of the Russian capital.

Just as the last faint echoes died away among the tall tree tops, a light footstep on the smooth gravel caused Constantine's heart to beat fast, and, turning he had no difficulty in recognizing Feodora's light, graceful form advancing towards him.

"Feodora, duschinka! How glad I am you have come," he exclaimed, springing forward to meet her.

"Thank you, monsiegneur, I came as soon as I could do so."

"You are as kind and good as you are beautiful, Feodora, but you must call me by my name. I want no titles from those beautiful lips."

As he spoke, he gazed fondly on the fair face, which looked surpassingly beautiful in the dim, uncertain light.

She wore a black cloak, and the pure outline of her face, with its marble skin, and exquisite features, was framed in a kerchief of crimson silk, which she had tied carelessly about her head.

Feodora's beauty was so great that it mattered little what she wore, and her simple peasant's dress seemed to borrow elegance from her noble form.

They had never met before, except when other eyes had watched every look, other ears heard every word; but now when they were alone, the shyness of perfect love came over Wittgenstein, and fettered his tongue.

He longed to clasp Feodora to his heart—that young, strong heart, beating wildly under the influence of first love—to tell her how her beauty had won him, but he dared not.

They strolled up and down the long broad walk, under the grand old limes, and did not leave this most retired part of the garden to mix with the crowds of pleasure-seekers in the more frequented walks.

The moon came out and broke through the foliage, throwing down wide bars of pure white radiance, which brightened the beautiful face of Feodora into angelic loveliness, and Constantine gazed on that face, till his heart bade him speak the thoughts that stirred it.

"Feodora, do you love me? Tell me, dearest."

He took her hand in his, and waited with the greatest impatience for her reply.

She did not speak.

"My darling! Will you not give me one word? Feodora, must I leave you? Bid me go!—You cannot love me."

Again he paused, and again she was silent, her eyes cast down, the long black lashes sweeping the smooth, pure cheeks.

They still walked on, half-mechanically, and, as Constantine still waited his answer, they passed into the clear, bright moonlight which lay on the dewy path.

Then Feodora raised her large dark eyes to the eager, passionate face of her lover.

That face was very pale, the brows knit, and the lips tremulous with the excess of emotion—the strong, wild love that mastered the haughty heart and humbled the proud spirit in the very dust.

What were her feelings on reading there so plainly her power for good or evil over this man?

Triumph! that she a peasant girl, could so move a Prince.

This man who walked beside her, who clasped her hand in his, was of the best blood in Russia.

His word was law with hundreds of beings as well-born as herself, yet she could rule him.

Aye! and she would!

He was silent now, and only by his pleading eyes sought the answer his heart ached to hear.

Feodora's next thought was, how would she reply?

What answer would be best?

It was a moment of painful suspense to them both, for the girl feared to reply hastily, lest she would mar the glorious prospect she now saw opening up before her.

Yes, one bold stroke would make or mar her future.

"Monseigneur, how can I answer you? You are a prince, I am a peasant. I love you—I——"

The last words were inaudible, for Constantine no sooner heard the words he so longed for than he caught her in his arms, clasping her so passionately that she was almost afraid.

He poured forth words of the most ardent love, calling her by every endearing title that he could think of.

His protestations fell on her ears like the sound of music.

They pleased her, not because she attached any meaning to each word, each loving name suggested by fond affection.

She never once thought of this, she only felt that this man loved her, and she only feared her own ability to make the most of his love.

"Feodora, my own, my sweet, say those words again—those dear words. My darling, look up; let me see the beautiful eyes that have stolen away my poor heart. Smile my own love; kiss me and say that you love me."

She looked up at his bidding, she did smile that witching smile which won all hearts, but she did not speak.

He bowed his lofty head, his lips met hers in a long, passionate kiss.

In that embrace his soul seemed lifted up from this dull earth.

His was a noble heart, and it had never been touched before by love.

"My darling! my darling!" he murmured so softly, so fondly, that even the cold heart of the beautiful being he held in his arms was touched, and she thought calmly that some future day she would grow to love him as he loved her,—but not yet!

She could not play this game unless her hand was steady, her brain clear.

"You must tell me, Feodora, what Carlotta meant last night when she spoke of some lover? I cannot have a rival Feodora; I could not. You must tell Octave that you have ceased to care for him. Feodora, did you ever love him as you love me?"

"No, I never loved him!" returned the girl, earnestly. "Come, let us find a seat, and I will tell you my wretched story. Oh! Constantine, when you hear it, you will despise me—you cannot help despising me!"

These words seemed wrung from her reluctantly, and her cheek flushed with shame.

"My own, tell me all—conceal nothing. Despise you? Ah! love, do not say such unkind words."

He raised the little hand to his lips, and led her to a seat where the evening breeze came laden with perfume from the magnificent flower-garden.

He passed his arm tenderly around the slender form, and drew her head down on his shoulder.

She told him her story, concealing nothing, and dwelling on her dislike of Alexis, and intense repugnance to the match.

"I will die before I will marry him, but how can I escape?"

"You shall not marry him, darling; yet wait, give me time to think—when does this wedding take place?"

"In less than three weeks! Oh! what shall I do? I could only get away to-night by saying I was going to invite Carlotta to the evening party before the marriage."

"What party, love?"

"Oh! I forgot, you do not know our customs. Every bride gives a party to all her young friends a few nights before she is married. It is a national custom, and my father is such a thorough Russian that he loves to keep up all those old-time customs."

Wittgenstein was silent for some time after hearing Feodora's story.

He longed to ask her to leave all those people she disliked so much, and let him take care of her always, but he feared to speak too soon, for there was something noble in this girl's look that cowed him.

She spoke of her mother as an Italian lady of good family, and when he did speak he referred to this.

"Feodora mia, what was your mother's name?"

"Enrichetta Rossi. She is of good Italian family, but they were very poor, so she married beneath her. My uncle is a music teacher in Rome, and he often visits St. Petersburg. He is here at present."

The Prince was silent again.

He dared not speak of marriage, and yet, how could he save her from this alliance with a peasant, unless he spoke of some other prospect for her?

He wished with all his heart that Feodora was his equal in rank, for he loved her with a strong, overmastering passion, and he felt that she was too proud to return any love that was not honorable.

Wittgenstein was an only son, and the head of his family, his father being dead about six months before.

His mother had left St. Petersburg to reside on her estate in the province of Iwer.

So the Prince was left alone in the capital, at the age of twenty-two, with a large fortune, a handsome face, and high rank, to procure him a friends of the Octave Platoff stamp.

Feodora was aware of the circumstances of Prince Wittgenstein, and hoped, by appealing strongly to his affection for her, to win from him an offer of marriage, and even her head, steady as it was, grew giddy when she thought of the desperate game she was playing.

If her purpose became known would not some of Wittgenstein's powerful friends find a quiet way of getting rid of her?

Most assuredly they would.

And, besides, she dreaded Platoff's anger.

How could she keep the secret from him?

Her time, too, was so fearfully short!

"The ball on Tuesday will be magnificent," she said, after a long silence.

The Prince started.

He had been lost in thought, but he smiled tenderly down on the beautiful upturned face.

"Yes, Feodora, and you have promised to go. I will be in attendance on the Emperor, but in the evening I shall be released, and then, my love, we will stroll together through the lovely grounds and talk of love and make some plan for a future spent together, for Feodora, my life, I cannot live without you."

She cast down her eyes, lest he should see the bright, triumphant look that shone there.

She felt sure that the prize was almost within her eager grasp, and she was determined to seize it.

Just at this moment, when Feodora fondly hoped the Prince would say the words she longed to hear—words proclaiming that she should be a Princess instead of a Peasant, the bells, with silver accents, rang out the hour.

"Ten o'clock! Oh! I must go," she cried, starting up from the encircling arm that strove gently to detain her.

"So soon, Feodora mia?" he said, fondly.

"Yes, if I do not go at once my father may take it into his head to call at Carlotta's, and then I will be found out."

"That is true. I will walk home with you."

"No, you must only come part of the way."

"I will go all the way. It is not safe for you to walk alone at this hour, or indeed at any hour. You forget, my darling, how beautiful you are."

Feodora consented, though she trembled, and turned pale at thought of meeting Platoff, or her father.

They reached the house in safety, and the Prince lingered in the court to press a passionate kiss on her lips.

"Feodora, must I live without a sight of you until Tuesday?"

"Yes, and perhaps I shall not succeed in getting away then."

"Yes, yes, you must, my darling. Do not, for heaven's sake, disappoint me, or I shall go mad. Do you love me, my pretty angel?"

"Yes, my dear friend."

With these words they parted.

Feodora ascending the staircase, and Wittgenstein passing into the street.

Feodora went at once to her own apartment to remove her cloak.

She was in a perfect fever of excitement, and could scarcely calm herself sufficiently to enter the room, and speak to her father and uncle as usual.

They were sleepy, however, and did not observe the flushed cheeks, and sparkling eyes.

The room, too, was dimly lighted, the only lamp being the one that burnt before the picture of St. Olga.

Feodora sat near it.

She fancied that the rather gloomy-looking face smiled a blessing on her, and she inwardly resolved to purchase a flask of perfumed oil to burn before the saint, with her birthday present, which he received a few days before, and not a bright ribbon, as she had previously intended.

CHAPTER VII.

ALEXIS.

IT is Monday morning, and the large low building of M. Vopogaguff Raschtschika, wood-carver, is full of busy workmen.

This is the largest establishment of the kind in St. Petersburg, and, some years ago, had been honored by a visit from his highness, Czar Nicholas himself, and the proprietor presented by him with a gold medal of merit, in token of royal approval of his skill.

In this work-room blocks of lime-wood assume, with marvellous rapidity, forms of rarest beauty, under the fingers of those quiet, honest Russian wood-cutters, who sit at their work, scarcely speaking five words, the whole of the day.

Here are long garlands of grape leaves, so exquisitely natural, that one feels like lifting them in search of fruit.

There, a wreath of roses, only lacking odor, and here a little statuette of Undine, as perfect as the original was supposed to be, in face and form.

These beautiful objects are designed for high places, some go to adorn the house of God, some to deck the palace of the Czar.

There is furniture for the Grand Duke here, and altar-pieces for country chapels against the wall.

Each workman sat at a little table covered with tiny chisels, knives, and hammers; a drawing of whatever object he is carving pinned on the wall before him, and the block of fine white wood in his hands, chipping, carving, and polishing, all the long day through, scarcely raising his eyes above his work.

Alexis Paulowitsch is one of M. Vopogaguff's most skilled workmen.

He sits at his table, busy with chisel and hammer, converting a shapeless lump of wood into a figure of Diana, ordered by some ambassador.

When Alexis is at work he no longer looks stupid.

His face is full of intelligence, and his dark eyes glow with pleasure as the goddess, with head erect, wide-open eyes, and nostrils dilated, aiming an arrow, grows beneath his hands.

"Well done, Alexis!"

This exclamation comes from the lips of M. Vopogaguff himself.

He is standing behind the workman's bench, and thus expresses his warm approval.

"Thank you, my master," replied the young man, and his face colors with pleasure, for who is not proud of honestly earned praise?

"Yes, that is well done—you carve better every day. I am proud of your work, Alexis. You deserve to get on well, and no doubt you will. When you have completed Diana, I will give you an order to fill, a pair of chandeliers for Prince Wittgenstein. The

Prince is a good customer, and we must contrive to please him."

With these words, Vopugaguff passed over to the next bench.

The master of Alexis was a genuine Russian, long-bearded, and light-haired, wearing his caftan exactly as the Mongols taught the Russians to wear them, five hundred years before.

Alexis had won his heart by his steady good conduct and sober habits.

Many of these workmen were serfs of the soil, who required such large sums paid yearly, as abrock, that the poor creatures had scarcely enough left of their hard-earned money to pay for food and clothing.

Many of their noble masters lived in the greatest splendor on the sums so obtained.

The serfs prefer to work hard in St. Petersburg, and pay abrock to their rapacious masters, rather than live on the estates and be under the hands of a brutal steward or overseer.

Still they have no chance of ever being anything but serfs to the end of their days, and the more wages they get, the more abrock their masters will demand, so they have no encouragement to become better workmen.

These poor creatures have no pleasures such as workmen in other lands take a delight in.

They cannot read, there are no places of amusement open for such as them, so they meet together at the tea-shops to drink tea, of which all Russians are passionately fond, tell stories, and talk over their friends.

Sometimes ale takes the place of tea, and sometimes brandy.

When Russians are in a state of intoxication they never quarrel, as Germans, English, and, indeed, almost every other nationality does.

On the contrary, they become more kindly disposed toward each other, kiss and hug their greatest enemies, and talk together in the most affectionate way.

Indeed, these scenes are often amusing in the extreme.

Alexis never took part in these scenes of dubious entertainment.

He was always at his work in good time, and, when the toils of the day were over, he would indulge in a single cup of tea to wash the dust of the workshop out of his throat, and then proceed to his home, where he was welcomed by an aged mother and two sisters, who loved him fondly, as he deserved to be loved, for he was a dutiful son and loving brother.

The day passed rapidly, everyone working well, for the following three days were gala days to all St. Petersburg.

At seven o'clock a loud bell rang, and, though its notes were none of the sweetest, its sound was always welcome, for it announced that the day's work was over, and each tired one was free to lay down hammer and chisel, and leave the close, stifling workroom, to seek the cool fresh air outside.

Alexis threw down his hammer, and rose from his seat.

Diana was almost completed, and he bestowed a loving glance on her as he turned away, for he would not see her again till the three days of festival were over.

Never again did his eyes behold his unfinished work.

"Come on, Alexis; who are you thinking of?" cried one of his comrades.

He left the dull old building slowly, and, if he had stopped to analyze his feelings, would have found his heart filled with a vague regret, a strange, undefined feeling of sorrow.

He passed out of the huge doorway, and stood for a moment watching the broad Neva, glancing in the rosy summer sunset.

His companions were down the street and had almost reached their tea-shop.

Alexis felt thirsty, so he followed the stream.

The tea-shop was a long room the floor covered with matting, imported, like the fragrant herb, from the celestial Empire. A long counter run up each side of the room; it was covered with small tumblers, dishes containing cut lemons, and in others, lumps of clear beet-root sugar in hard pieces about an inch square, while every here and there a steaming copper Samover supplied the tea.

In no other land is tea drank in such perfection as in Russia; the herb comes from China as pure as when it is in the field, and is drawn in large copper kettles, or, as they are called in Russia, Samovers.

It is poured out in small tumblers, and is clear and almost colorless, but the flavor is exquisite, and it warms the blood like old wine.

The Russians drink it with a thin slice of lemon floating on the top, and hold a piece of sugar in the hand, taking a bite now and then.

Alexis took his solitary glass of tea and left the shop; he walked slowly home, through the noisy streets filled with people hurrying to and fro, and the odd feeling of depression, strengthened and deepened into melancholy, and foreboding of coming evil.

He reached home, and found his mother preparing supper. She was an aged woman, but still smart and upright, her dark eyes were quick and sharp. Of his mother, Alexis had inherited his dark skin and raven hair, the old woman being evidently of Kalmuck blood.

When supper was over, Alexis washed his face, brushed his thick black hair, and belted his caftan more tightly round his waist; these preparations over, he kissed his mother, and merely saying, "I am going to Feodora," left the house.

Feodora sat alone in her neat living room; she had just cleared away the supper, and brushed up the floor. A small fire burnt in the large earthenware stove, and the warmth did not feel unpleasant on this evening, in the beginning of September.

There was no light, save the dying daylight, and the little silver lamp that hung by its bright chains before St. Olga; Feodora was sewing, and singing softly to herself. She looked up brightly as Alexis entered, and kindly bade him good evening.

"Good evening, Feodora. What are you busy about?"

"Oh! nothing much," replied the girl, carelessly.

"Something pretty to wear to-morrow?" said Alexis, smilingly.

The girl blushed deeply, but did not answer. A few minutes after, Captain Caslett and Guido Rossi came in together, and the evening passed pleasantly away.

When Alexis left Feodora he kissed her cheek, and she did seem angry; he pressed her hand, and she smiled kindly on him, bade him good night, expressing a hope that the morrow would prove fine, and that he would enjoy it.

CHAPTER VIII.

PETERHOFF, AND REGAL SPLENDOR.

PETERHOFF, the summer residence of the Imperial family, is a village fourteen miles from St. Petersburg, on the shore of the Gulf of Finland.

The Royal residence is a noble palace, erected by Peter the Great, and improved and modernized by each succeeding Emperor and Empress.

It is built on a lofty terrace, which appears a mountain in comparison with the level plains on every side. Below the palace lies a park, so vast in its proportions that one can ride a league without passing twice through the same avenue. This park terminates in the sea, on whose bosom lie a fleet of ships, riding at anchor.

The village is built in a long line, with a wide street running between the rows of neat little white houses, in front of which tall lime trees stand sentry, a tree before each house, supplying a pleasant shade; and here, when the working hours are over the people gather to smoke and chat, the wise-looking men, with their long beards and blue caftans, and the quiet women, who have rarely any beauty to boast of, for, as a rule, Russian men are as handsome as Russian women are plain.

Peterhoff swarms with soldiers; the park is full of them, the village crowded with them, they are everywhere.

On the numerous flights of stone steps, leading up to the Imperial Palace, groups of officers are lounging, their uniforms glittering in the sunshine, their swords and spurs clanking as they move.

Cossacks, with their blue coats and long spears; Circassians, whose magnificent dress and ancient arms recall the days of chivalry; their burnished helmets, with vails of steel links falling over the neck, their shirts of chain-armor, and the plate-armor on their legs, and on their horses, standing near ready to be mounted, present a picture of ancient knights of high renown, ready for the tournament.

The soldiers in the red coats are those of the Chevalier Guard, the Empress' own regiment; those in dark blue, the Guard of the heir-apparent, the Czarowitz Alexander.

Among the officers of the Chevalier Guard, stood Prince Wittgenstein and Count Platoff, their blue uniforms, with the golden double-headed eagle, showing that they belonged to the Imperial troops, and had the honor of attending the Emperor himself.

Wittgenstein leant on the heavy stone balustrade, his eyes fixed on the broad avenue, which, though the hour was early, already swarmed with pedestrians coming to pay homage to the Czar.

Up another avenue filed the carriages of the grandees, gorgeous with the bright liveries of their servants, and their own splendid raiment.

The whole spectacle was grand and striking, and, from the door-way of the palace, came floating out the sound of martial music.

On the gulf, pleasure boats, laden with people of every rank, dressed in holiday garb, added to the gaiety of the scene; these boats landed their occupants at a granite quary, and they followed the stream up to the palace, and into the vast apartment where the Imperial family stood to receive them.

In all this crowd their appeared no confusion; soldiers on every side lined the way through the shady alleys of the park, up the staircases, through the broad corridor, into the presence of Royalty, and out again through another hall, another doorway, down another broad flight of stairs, on which lounged another group of haughty officers, in gorgeous uniforms, so like the other group, and still not the same; out again into the cool green park and immense flower garden, which felt so pleasant after all this glare and bustle.

The crowd was a silent one, respectful admiration being the feeling of every heart and the expression on every face. They sat on the seats beside the fountains, flashing in their marble basins in the morning sunshine; and quietly watched the ever-varying scene, the gay panorama of human beings, and listened to the swell of the music coming through the perfumed air, with calm faces.

They said little, but their hearts were full of pride, for was not this their Emperor? Were not these soldiers theirs?

"There they go! trooping up, like the brutes, to the ark," said Count Platoff, with an ugly sneer on his thin lips.

"I see no resemblance to the brute creation in those quiet, well-dressed and well-behaved people," returned Wittgenstein, playing with the tassels of his sword.

"Indeed! You are no doubt lost in admiration of their beauty and elegant manners!

"Well, I confess I am not. They are all alike; every woman I have seen to-day is ugly; and I would not mind that so much if they were not so infernally alike.

"Flat noses and high cheek-bones cease to charm when one has seen eight or nine hundred of them.

"How ill the Empress must feel by this time. Now I pity her; she is nervous at the best; but I know she will have bad dreams for a year, and be just commencing to recover when she will have it all over again."

Wittgenstein laughed at the disgust of his friend, and, after a pause, Platoff went on; "Here come two more Russian shopkeepers' daughters; good heavens! Why have we no variety in our breed of shopkeepers?

"One would think they came to the world in a soft state, and were put into the same mould as every other common person in St. Petersburg.

"Why does not some philanthropist invent some plan for improving the appearance of the populace?

"I say, Wittgenstein, you have travelled, can't you make a suggestion? We could put it up on parchment, and lay it before the Emperor.

"Ah! here comes a girl, or woman, who is not quite so revolting as the rest. No, by St. Peter, she is rather good-looking."

"I don't mind the appearance of the ladies, but I must say I am tired standing here in the sun. I wish it was three o'clock, for then I am done with it," said Wittgenstein.

"Are you? I am not till five. Of course there is short respite in the middle of the day, when the animals feed in the Royal pavillion.

"I wish they were not too cowardly to get drunk, for some of them would be packed off to Siberia, and would not be here to afflict us, in eighteen hundred and fifty-three."

"Perhaps we won't be here to afflict them next year," said Wittgenstein, "There is talk of war with England, and if we go to the Crimea, we may not return."

"Pshaw! What stuff; as to war, there is no such good luck, and if you are afraid throw up your commission."

"Afraid!" repeated Wittgenstein, scornfully. "Do you mean to insult me?" his handsome face was flushed indignantly, as he faced round on the speaker of the insolent words.

Platoff was no coward, and he no more feared Wittgenstein than he had feared Gustave Legardie, or any of the other friends who had perished by his hand; but the rank of this young man was his safeguard. Bully, and noted duellist as Platoff was, he dared not openly harm the Prince.

"Insult you? of course not, my boy; but I like to see you jump, and those big eyes of yours flash with rage, you young firebrand."

He clapped the Prince's shoulder as he spoke, and smiled with his lips; but there was no smile in the hard, cold eyes, but a look that said plainly, "Oh! If I could fly on you, and tear your heart out. But I dare not!"

Feodora rose early on the morning of the fete, and prepared the breakfast. She fancied that the reproachful eyes of St. Olga followed her as she went about her work, and she took down the silver lamp and brightened it, before replenishing the perfumed oil.

In every Russian house, however humble, there hangs a picture of some saint, and before that picture, if the poverty of the householders does not prevent it, a lamp or taper burns day and night.

When the Samover was steaming, and the rusks nicely browned, Feodora went to her father's door, and tapped.

"What is it?" inquired the sleepy voice of the sailor.

"Breakfast is ready, and I feel very ill. I am going to lie down," replied his daughter.

"Ill? Bless my soul. What do you mean by getting ill on this morning, of all mornings in the year?"

"I am very ill," replied the girl, "too ill to attend the fete; but do not mind, my father, get up, eat your breakfast, and go; people will wonder if you are not there."

"That's true, but how can I go and leave you alone in the house, if you are ill?"

"Oh! I will lie down and sleep. I will be all right by to-morrow. I am going away now. The table is set," So saying, she passed on to her uncle's door.

"Uncle Guido, are you up?"

"Yes, Feodora, what is it?"

"May I come in?"

"Yes."

She opened the door. Guido sat by the window, which was wide open, with a book on his knee.

He looked up, surprised at this early visit, but Feodora, after carefully shutting the door, drew near.

She knelt down by her uncle, and laid her clasped hands on the book, looking up into his face appealingly as she did so.

"Uncle Guido, you love me, do you not?" she said, softly.

He drew her towards him, and kissed the pure brow, fondly.

"You know I love you, Feodora mia, do you not?"

"Well, my uncle, if you love me, if you care to save me three days of misery, help me to stay away from this wretched fete. I shall go mad if you do not."

Guido did not speak for a moment, but he again kissed the white forehead, and Feodora felt sure of his assistance.

She bowed her head on her hands, and large tears forced themselves down her cheeks, for she was weak and nervous.

Guido started; like most men, the sight of a woman's tears moved him deeply.

"Mia Feodora, cara mia, don't—do not weep, you shall not go, unless you wish. Do not weep, the sight of your tears makes my heart ache."

The girl looked up and tried to smile, but the effort was vain; she had controlled her feelings and now that she gave way to them, her tears fell faster and faster.

Not in gentle drops which soothe; but fiercely, passionately, hot drops, that blistered the smooth cheeks, while violent sobs shook her from head to foot.

Guido was full of alarm; he knew the girl's nature, and he feared that if she did give way to the pent-up tempest that raged in her heart, reason itself would be carried away.

"Feodora mia, speak to me; will you not tell the uncle who loves you so, what has troubled his little white dove?"

He bent over her and tried to soothe her, but in vain. She wept still more passionately at each kind word, each endearing name.

At length the storm was over, and Feodora rose to her feet; pale and exhausted, but calm and quiet, save when a sob shook her from head to foot.

Guido regarded her with anxious eyes, he had ceased to understand this strange wayward niece.

"You will tell my father that I am ill, Uncle Guido. I am not, you know, but I wish to stay at home these three days. I want to think, to make up my mind."

"Feodora, are you sure you have no other reason?"

"Yes, what reason could I have? Oh! you are thinking of Count Platoff; he is at Peterhoff; so if I wished to see him, I would go there. Go, with the others, and if he is not there you can return."

She met his fixed gaze firmly, and not one trace of color, suffused those pale cheeks.

Guido was completely deceived. He drew her towards him and kissed her fondly. "I will do as you bid me, Feodora. I know I can trust you."

"And now, my uncle, I will go to my room. Thank you for your kindness to me I know not what would become of me without you."

When Alexis arrived he was deeply disappointed to find that his betrothed was invisible, and that she did not intend to accompany them.

At first he wished to remain in St. Petersburg also, but Captain Caslett over-ruled this idea. It was the duty of all Russians to go, and go they must, so there was an end of it.

Alexis had such a veneration for the worthy Captain that he never dreamt of disputing any point with him, so they all left the house together, though Alexis carried a heavy heart with him, and anything but a holiday expression on his honest straightforward face.

They drove to Peterhoff, passed through the park, and up the stairs, and there, standing with a number of other officers, stood Platoff. He favored the Italian with a haughty stare, and sneered at him as he passed, but this did not trouble Guido.

He only felt joy that Feodora had not deceived him, and self-reproach that he had doubted her.

On they went, ushered by soldiers and footmen in liveries that fairly dazzled the beholder, on through the vast hall, with its mosaic floor and stained glass windows; through which the light fell in a thousand varied colors to the room where Nicholas, the Czar, "The God of the North," stood on a dais covered with crimson velvet, behind him a curtain of the same rich material, fringed with gold, and embroidered with the Royal arms, the Imperial, double-headed eagle.

Nicholas Romanoff Emperor of all the Russias, was a man of noble figure, tall and well made, his face was singularly handsome, and his eyes soft and melancholy; yet there was something in that face that awed the nation he ruled. The Emperor's profile was Grecian, the forehead high and broad, but slightly receding; the nose straight, and perfectly formed; the mouth finely cut, the face a perfect oval.

His carriage was imposing, his air commanding, and his voice, though sweetly-toned, imperious.

The Emperor wore a magnificent scarlet uniform; the sleeves covered with gold embroidery to the elbows, while on his bosom glittered orders and stars innumerable and tags and chains of gold crossed and recrossed the broad chest, and covered as proud and bold a heart as ever beat, even in the breast of a Czar.

The Empress of Russia was an elegant lady, but the first feeling she inspired was pity! She was so slight, so fragile, and her soft blue eyes told of deep suffering, supported with angelic calmness.

A nervous convulsion at times slightly agitated her face; she had never recovered the shock to her nervous system received on the day of her accession to the throne.

Upon that day rebellion broke out among the guards.

An absurd falsehood was the instrument used by conspirators to incite the army to this outbreak.

They spread a report among the soldiers that Nicholas had usurped the crown of his brother Constantine, who was, they said, on his way to St. Petersburg.

The soldiers, believing the Emperor to be a usurper, rose *en masse* against him. The Emperor was informed of the state of affairs.

He went, accompanied by his wife, into their private chapel, and there prayed for aid from on High.

The prayer was answered. The Emperor mounted his horse and rode out alone! He looked right and left on the flushed, infuriated soldiers, and his form seemed to dilate, to grow more commanding as he gazed.

Four times did one of the conspirators approach to assassinate him as he sat on his horse, and four times did his courage fail him.

He could not touch this monarch who had faced death, without growing pale or flinching.

"Back! To your ranks, soldiers!" That was all he said; the noble face, the grand, bold spirit that shone from the flashing eyes, did the rest.

They obeyed, and the next order was, "On your knees!" And there, where he had come to meet his death, did Nicholas Romanoff offer thanks to God for his deliverance.

When they rose from their knees, he asked their reason for thus rebelling against their lawful sovereign, and when he heard it, told them the true story—Constantine had refused the crown.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Only a Boy.

BY J. H. LUDLOW.

MRS. LA RUE was in sore perplexity and dire trouble in Ashtown, knitting a snowy "sea-side."

She was not accustomed to trouble, although ten years a widow.

Mr. La Rue, many years older than herself, had given and received a calm, quiet affection, and when he died, leaving her a widow at forty-five, had bestowed upon her his ample fortune, uncontrolled by conditions.

Two beautiful children were but an added happiness in Imogene La Rue's wedded life.

They were healthy, loving darlings, who gave her no anxieties and many pleasures.

But on this snowy January day, Mrs. La Rue having seen the children well wrapped up, and started for school, and Miss Leonie Castlemaine, her cousin and guest, at the piano in the drawing-room, practising a new fantasia, had gone to her own private sitting room, for a quiet hour of troubled thought.

"Where is Fred?" Miss Castlemaine had inquired, opening her glorious eyes a little wider at the decided snap in her cousin's reply.

"He has gone over to Mrs. Grant's for me."

Now it was Miss Castlemaine and Fred who were troubling Mrs. La Rue almost beyond that dear little woman's power of endurance.

Twice she had ventured to hint to Leonie that she was going too far in her coquetting with Fred.

Twice that lady's silvery laugh had preceded the answer:

"Nonsense, Imogene, Fred is only a boy!"

Well, he was only a boy, just nineteen—a precocious, sensitive boy, with an inherited tendency to heart disease.

He was John La Rue's nephew, the son of his only brother, orphaned while very young, and heir to property his uncle had carefully nursed for him until it was a handsome sum, and which, if Fred died before he came of age, would fall to Mrs. La Rue's John and Imogene.

It was this fact that had made Mrs. La Rue almost morbid in her care of Frederick La Rue from the time when he came to his uncle's, a big-eyed, pale-faced boy, frail and sensitive, and needing far more care than her own rosy, healthy children.

"If the money would not come to my children," Mrs. La Rue thought, "it would not be so dreadful; but the idea that they will be richer if Fred dies makes me almost crazy. What can I do? I cannot send him away—he is too weak; and Leonie never hints at shortening her visit. What can I do?"

Travel over the ground as her thoughts would, they had come back always to the same refrain:

"What can I do?"

Leonie Castlemaine was Mrs. La Rue's first cousin, and a belle.

No one had ever disputed her claim to the latter title.

She was to make a dazzling marriage, that was understood.

Nothing less than a nobleman could win such charms; but the noblemen did not crowd about her.

Somehow the artificial in her manner was too apparent.

There was too much of the dramatic in her perfect bow; her sweet voice was too well modulated; her attitudes too well posed.

Seasons in London, Brighton, and wherever the best society flocked, had drained the maternal purse, and Mrs. Castlemaine had said, with pathos:

"We have been living on our capital for two years, Leonie, and you are nearly twenty-seven. I almost wish you had accepted Mr. Dolman."

And Leonie had replied:

"Mr. Dolman did not give me an opportunity."

"But what are we to do this winter?" inquired Mrs. Castlemaine.

"I'll tell you! I'll make Cousin Imogene a visit. There is good society at Ashtown, and at any rate it will save my expense towards a summer at Scarborough."

So, self-invited, this gorgeous butterfly of fashion had fluttered into Mrs. La Rue's quiet home.

Fred was there, invalided by a course of hard study at college.

Now flirtation was the bread of life to Leonie Castlemaine, and the tall boy who threw his admiration into his voice and eyes in greeting her, was a handsome, refined man.

His eyes were as beautiful as her own, with this difference, that their expression was dictated by his heart, while hers merely obeyed her will.

It was natural and altogether proper that Frederick La Rue should place himself at the service of his aunt's guest and cousin.

He was her escort to the mild dissipations of Ashtown; drove her in his aunt's pony carriage whenever a mild day tempted her out; practised duets with her, the piano accompanying his violin; listened to her magnificent voice in song; and, not gradually, but at once and for his life, loved her as only such a passionate, sensitive temperament can love.

Even Mrs. La Rue, watching in fear, did not realize the extent of the mischief done.

She saw Fred's infatuation, but seeing, as only a woman could see, through Miss Castlemaine's many affectations, did not see that every well-assumed grace and charm were realities to poor Fred.

How could he know that the voice lowered to such exquisite tenderness for him was as well trained for flirtation as for song?

He never suspected that the beautiful eyes that drooped under his ardent gaze had practised that shy drop of the snowy lids with dozens of lovers.

Sometimes he laughed, sometimes he grew indignant over his aunt's well-meant cautions.

What if Leonie was a little older than himself?

Love did not pause to count years!

What if Leonie had been in society for many seasons?

She had come heart-whole out of that fiery ordeal, to find rest and peace in a life of refined quiet.

For Leonie could be so sentimental that no one, least of all poor, infatuated Fred, would divine that she was yawning behind her fan.

"A home of peace and love!"

That was Leonie's modest desire, if her own word was to be taken, and Fred imagined her a "ministering angel" therein.

She had been with him more than once when the frightful heart-spasms that were his mother's sad legacy had followed some great excitement, and, to do her justice, all the true woman came forward at such times.

There was but little to do, but that little was done tenderly and deftly.

His necktie and collar loosened, his head raised, Fred would recover to find Leonie fanning him gently, his face wet with her soft handkerchief upon his forehead, and her eyes, full of womanly tenderness, fixed upon his own.

Knowing herself answerable for the attack, by some word of encouragement for his mad passion, Leonie would draw back for a time, only to meet reproaches and the threat of worse trouble by the excitement of despair.

She had played with edge-tools till she could handle them very skilfully, but these cut her conscience sharply at times.

Yet she could not drop the dangerous game, because, after all, she might do worse than marry Frederick La Rue.

"He cannot live long," she wrote in confidence to her mother, "and one hundred thousand dollars would be a comfortable fortune for his widow. The trouble is that he will not be of age for nearly two years, and may die before he makes a will! Still, I shall keep him as my 'forlorn hope.' Be sure you keep your eye on Mr. Dolman, if, as you write, you think my absence has quickened his love. If he proposes, I will return at once, for, as you say, it will not do to let such an offer as that pass now. Six years ago I should have refused him, but, between ourselves, opportunities decrease as years pass by."

Keeping Fred as a "forlorn hope" meant to give him just enough encouragement as made Mrs. La Rue almost frantic, and at the same time keeping clear of an actual engagement.

"To tell the truth," Miss Castlemaine wrote, "I am dreadfully weary of Fred's raptures. He is such a boy yet in feeling and words, that his love has no shades or refinements, and is as blunt and outspoken as a child's delight over a new toy. The least smile, the tiniest word of hope, sends him into the seventh heaven of ecstasy, while a frown or cold look reduces him to despair. It was amusing at first, but has become tiresome! Imogene is in agonies; but, really, mamma, if the heart disease is hereditary, I don't see why she should feel so much responsibility. One would think, to hear her, that she was actually answerable for his life."

And poor Imogene would not have denied the statement.

"Lookers on," we are told, "see most of the game," and Imogene looked on until her heart grew sick.

She thoroughly understood Leonie's tactics, yet to send her away would probably make matters worse, as Fred was sure to champion her cause, and would probably follow her.

Words of warning were wasted, remonstrances were in vain; and the sacred charge her husband had left her had become the misery of the conscientious woman's life.

"Can you not see," she asked Leonie, with all her heart-anguish in her voice, "that you are killing Fred?"

"Do not exaggerate so," was the cool reply.

"I do not exaggerate. He has wasted to a shadow since you came, and his color fluctuates so that it terrifies me. I tell you that he cannot bear this strain of excitement."

"How can I help a boy's foolish infatuation? I have had dozens of boys in love with me, and they all got over it. Calf-love is ever in extremes, Imogene."

"Fred is a man in feeling, Leonie!"

"Bah! he will forget me in a month after I leave."

The winter wore away, and April came; but Leonie said nothing about returning home until the month of showers was half gone.

Then a momentous letter came.

Mamma had succeeded where Leonie had failed, and Mr. Dolman's heart, hand and fortune were laid at the feet of Miss Castlemaine.

Exultant, and without one pang of self-reproach, Leonie wrote a maidenly, charming letter of acceptance, and concluded her letter to her mother with these words:

"I will be with you on Thursday. Have my wedding outfit under way by that time, and do not spare expense. I can soon repay all you spend."

She took the letters to the post herself, and coming back in the dusk of twilight, found Mrs. La Rue and Fred in the porch, the air being soft as June.

"Why did you go alone?" Fred asked, reproachfully.

She laughed, a sweet, silvery laugh, before she answered.

"I must learn to do without you, Fred! I am going home on Thursday."

"Going home!" he faltered, his very lips white.

"Yes, my long holiday is over, and mamma writes that I really must superintended the last touches to my trousseau."

"Your trousseau!" cried Mrs. La Rue, sharply.

"Did I not tell you," asked Leonie, with well-acted surprise, "that I am engaged to Mr. Dolman?"

There was a strange, hoarse cry as Fred started to his feet, with the face of a man who is strangling.

Mrs. La Rue's arms were about him in a moment.

"Go away!" she cried, as Leonie loosened Fred's necktie. "You have killed him!"

But Leonie did not go, for in another moment it took the strength of both women to hold the "boy" working in convulsions.

Cries brought the servants, and a man was sent for the doctor, but before he came Fred's life-struggle was over; and Leonie Castlemaine knew that her heartless flirtation had killed her.

Paying a Debt.

BY HENRY FRITH.

SO far it had been the same old story. Herbert Montague had spent his summer in a quiet little rural village, and he had met Grace Egerton.

The girl was fair as a dream—lovely, refined, intelligent—and from surprise and admiration Mr. Herbert's experience went through the various stages until Grace had learned, from his sweet skilful teaching, that her heart had gone from her keeping.

He was one of those devoted, caressing-voiced, sweet-tempered men, masterful with all his gentleness, who just completely suited her to the most exacting bit of her nature.

While Grace herself, proud, retiring, charming, suited this critical gentleman as perhaps no woman suited him before — at least for a summer.

So the time for ending it all came, only Grace did not know that, as he stood looking at her while she, for a moment, was busied about something.

"Do you know, Grace," he said, at length in that exquisite voice of his that never failed to send such delicious thrills all through her sensitive frame, "that in all probability this is the last afternoon we ever will spend together?"

"What do you mean?—the last afternoon we will ever spend together?"

He went across the room, and sat down beside her, as he had sat so many times.

"You know this pleasant summer-time could not last for ever, Grace. September has come, bringing the end of many a beautiful idyl, many a blissful dream, as ours has been. Now come business and activity and—farewells; are you sorry, Grace, that I must say my farewell to-day, never to see you again? I am more than sorry."

Going away!

Of course she knew he would go away; of course she had known there would be parting and adieu; but not like this — not like this.

Something of her blind desperate pain showed itself in her eyes as she lifted them in startled astonishment; then the thought occured to her—but what if he did choose to love and ride away!

She could not help it; she could only bear it in silent pride, in silent agony — in whatever way her nature would come to the outward rescue.

And then, when she crushed down the horrible anguish, and the more than horrible bitterness of mortification, she lifted her eyebrows in a haughty, half-inquiring little way.

"You certainly surprised me. You are going so soon then?"

She wondered if her voice sounded as queer to him as it did to her; and he wondered as he heard the accustomed sweet low tones, that she really seemed to care so little after all.

They talked for an hour or so, while Herbert kept inwardly wondering if it was possible he had been mistaken in the girl; while Grace clenched her hands under the little pink zephyr shawl she wore, and more than once set her teeth hotly together behind her beautiful lips, and prayed fiercely for endurance until he was gone; and then—to die—oh, to die, that she might forget!

Well, he stayed a while longer, and then shook hands, holding hers longer than it was at all necessary, until she drew it from his, looking down into her eyes, with that compelling, masterly regard of his.

Then went away, and left her as nearly crushed as ever a woman was, to live and suffer.

For weeks and weeks her life hung in the balance. But she recovered, and grew just as well and strong and beautiful as ever; and all the wild passion she had endured for handsome Herbert in those warm summer days seemed to have been scorched by fever-fires that raged through her veins in the little after-time.

Then she knew that with the death of this first love-blossom in her heart all capacity for other lovers was gone too.

She might marry, perhaps would marry some time, and be a contented devoted wife to a good man; but love, passionate and sweet, was for ever for her at twenty.

Then something happened.

An investment that her mother had made had turned out marvellously, and opened the way to a speedy, almost safe road to riches; and as if Fortune determined to make amends for the cruelty of Cupid's conduct, in less than two years Grace Egerton and her gentle little widowed mother were independently wealthy, and perfectly able to enjoy life as they saw fit.

For awhile they travelled everywhere Grace's fancy took her—in her own country, and in foreign countries — and her charming loveliness, her sweet serene beauty, her gracious winsomeness, her riches opened the door of the very best society for her wherever she chose to go.

And society called her charming, but heartless, bewitching—an icicle, until——

One night when all the aristocratic world was at Mrs. Douglas's, and never knowing they two had so much as heard of each other, Mrs. Douglas introduced them—Grace Egerton and Herbert Montague.

The same inexpressibly sweet voice spoke to her.

"Is it possible? Miss Egerton!"

And then when she saw the undisguised delight and admiration, and the surprise in his face, there came sweeping hotly, fiercely over her a feeling she never had experienced before—a bitter absorbing desire to punish this man who had treated her so.

And with the instantaneous resolve came the immediate beginning of the end, as she smiled graciously, charmingly, and extended her hand.

"Really and truly possible, Mr. Montague. And how pleased I am that you do me that honor to remember me!"

"Remember—you! I have tried only too vainly to forget you."

She laughed, very like the old sweet low laugh he had never forgotten in all those four years.

"I have always found that forgetting to remember is easy enough. We have a delightful party this evening—can I introduce you to any one?"

That was the way it was renewed.

That same evening he took her to supper and danced with her three times—something Miss Egerton was not at all in the habit of doing.

When he said good night at her carriage door, he asked if he might be permitted to call upon her, and receiving a most gracious permission, he went, saw her in her regal home, and——

Well, in those other days he had cared for her more than for any woman he had ever seen; but he had trampled the sweet pure regard down, and broken a young heart, because she had been so obscure, so poor, so utterly nobody.

But now—now——

Not an hour after he had seen her in her diamonds and lace in Mrs. Douglas's parlor Herbert Montague knew that the grand passion of his life was come to him.

Then he had loved her better than he dared admit; but now, with ambition and pride both gratified to the full, he knew that love had run riot with him—that the crisis of his life had come—that unless Grace Egerton would be his wife, there remained for him such a looking forward that it appalled him to contemplate it.

He was almost fierce in his pursuit of her.

He was always at her side, most gallant, most devoted, and she smiled on him, and did not say him nay, and society looked on and declared that they had never known a more promising affair.

And she accepted him, to his intense, almost mad delight.

Not as he had hoped she would do—as he had imagined, from his old knowledge of her, she would do, so shyly, and adoringly, and passionfully; but perhaps it was more in keeping with her perfect society manner, that she took him as she would have taken a flower — gracefully, pleasantly, and no more.

Herbert was madly happy, and yet disappointed.

She had no kisses, no caresses for him; she was always calm and self-possessed, daintily bewitching and temptingly sweet, but not the Grace Egerton whose heart he had crushed a few years ago.

But he never allowed her to know how he felt.

While Grace many and many a time, while the preparations for the wedding were going on, would go to her room and sit by herself, and think over and over of that day in the bright September weather years ago, when she had prayed to die.

So the day came clear and cloudless as ever a midwinter day was, and the splendid house was in a gala dress of flounce and white satin ribbons, and the guests were in the parlors and in the library.

Just at the foot of the staircase Herbert was waiting until his bride should come to him, when a servant handed him a sealed note, addressed in the characteristic running backhand he knew so well — Grace Egerton's own.

The note began—

"Do you suppose I intend to marry you? Or do you forget that a woman once scorned, as you scorned me five years ago, can forget or forgive? Then I loved you. To-day I hate you! I will never see your face again, and may you suffer now as you made me suffer then?"

Nobody ever knew how it all happened, no one ever will know.

And people talked and gossiped to their hearts' content, but nobody knows that, her revenge attained, Grace Egerton's pride and courage failed her, and she lived a wretched life that society never saw, because she learned after all that her love for Herbert had not been the dead thing she thought it.

She travels most of the time, restless and unhappy; and Herbert is a bitter, silent man aged before his time.

Retribution.

BY MRS. MARK LEMON.

SO you are determined to do as your mother did; marry before you are old enough to know your own mind?"

The reply was very firmly uttered, "Yes, sir."

The old gentleman turned his keen eyes upon his nephew's face.

"What is the girls name?"

"Annie Grant."

"Annie! Grant — ah! — wasn't that the man's name, who was arrested for forgery, and died in prison, a short time ago?"

"Yes, sir; and if I could I would only love her more for the trouble she has gone through!"

"Well, sir, as you make your bed, you must lie on it! Marry this girl — disgrace yourself by connection with a forger's family; but never come snivelling to me for help."

The sensitive lips under the soft mustache quivered.

"Oh, uncle, I will never ask you for help indeed; but then don't turn from me in anger."

But the only answer was a stern "Go!"

Reginald Hart was the son of Dr. Wilton's only sister. Since his mother's death he had been brought up by his uncle to consider himself his heir. He was an active, energetic young man, and in preference to a college career had decided to enter business life. He was only twenty-two, and for two years had known and loved Annie Grant.

As Dr. Wilton had said, her father had been convicted of forgery, and imprisoned, leaving his motherless and more than fatherless daughter almost overcome by the dreadful blow.

Reginald knew his uncle's aversion to his marrying; but he determined, come what would, to make the stricken girl his wife, and be able, as her husband, to comfort her.

So they were quietly married.

It would have been hard to imagine a happier couple in the stateliest halls than in three small rooms which were all their modest income could afford.

A few years passed on. It was rumored that the old doctor was about to enter into a matrimonial alliance with one of society's most brilliant ornaments. Many times had his elegant carriage swept past Reginald and his wife as they walked to and from church.

But Reginald's pride kept him from ever seeking his uncle, and so the breach was not healed.

One evening Reginald came into his cozy home, where his wife and little one sat before the cheerful and bright fire in a great excitement.

Annie's sweet voice stopped its lullaby, as she looked up.

"Why, Regy, what is the matter?

"Matter! Why, the bank in which all my uncle's fortune is deposited has failed!"

Annie rose, and laying the little girl in her cradle, came and stood by her husband's side.

"Reginald, what shall you do?"

"Annie, it seems like retribution."

"Poor old gentleman!"

The young husband looked up into his wife's eyes, and read the thought that was in her heart.

The great mansion looked very gloomy to the passer-by; and alone in his room, with his head bowed over two letters, was the old doctor.

The first was a short note from the brilliant but heartless woman who had pretended to love him in spite of his long gray hairs.

"Fool that I was!" he murmured, as he tore the perfumed note in a hundred pieces, the other red thus:—

"DEAR UNCLE,—

"Let bygones be bygones. I have a happy home, and there is room for one more. Come to your affectionate nephew,

"REGINALD HART."

Some time passed, and Reginald received no answer to his letter, and they heard that his uncle's house was to be sold by auction.

It was a dark and stormy night preceding the day of the sale. In his room, with the curtains drawn, and no fire on the cheerless hearth, sat Dr. Wilton. All he had was gone—at one fell blow. Knowing his resources, he had carelessly contracted debts, and now he was unable to pay them. What should he do?

The bent figure, with its white head, wearily lifted itself, and going to the window drew back the curtain.

The old man stood there for a while watching the few travellers plodding along through the rain. Perhaps some of these people would whisper through his halls to-morrow, while he — where would he be then?

He slowly walked across the long room to an *escritoire* which stood at the farther end. In it lay an end of trouble; his hand is on the knob, when a patter of little feet is at the door, and running into the room comes a fairy figure with its hands full of rose-buds.

Straight to the astonished old man the little one runs, and then holding the roses to him with one hand, she slides the other into his, and raises her innocent lips to be kissed.

He is saved. Fast the tears fall down his face as he claps the soft hand tightly.

"Ah, I know; it is Reginald's child."

"Yes, and Reginald, too!" exclaimed an eager voice.

Annie little thought when she told her baby daughter what to do as she went into the room how nearly a tragedy had been enacted there. She never knew; and in after years she oftentimes wondered at the strange look which would pass over the old man's face when little Belle would slip her soft hand into his.

It was Retribution, but that dread visitant had come in angel guise.

The Challenge.

BY E. SCRIBE.

MONSIEUR DE LYME was an agreeable sprightly old gentleman of the ancient regime, but he had one very great failing—he was intolerably jealous. This, however, will not excite the wonder of our readers, when they hear that Madame de Lyme was a very agreeable, sprightly dame, full twenty years younger than her husband.

Many a wicked young Parisian took delight in teazing the old gentleman, and fanning the flame which the considerate and human always endeavored to stifle.

"Ah! my dear Monsieur de Lyme, what a happy man are you! How is your amiable and lovely spouse?" were the constant exclamations and questions with which he was saluted, whenever he encountered any young friend in the streets.

Monsieur de Lyme always, in his heart, wished the querists to the devil; but politeness obliged him to receive them graciously—in truth, he made himself very miserable; and more than once thought of closed windows and doors, and a pan of lighted charcoal, after the favorite method of his countrymen, when bent on suicide.

But, somehow or other, he altered his determination from day to day, and lived on.

He always found an excuse for delaying the ceremony.

A new vaudeville was announced—they were preparing a grand opera with music, that he could not die without hearing—or some great savage from Zealand or Timbuctoo had just arrived, to astonish the Parisians with his outlandish performances, so the charcoal fumes were not put in requisition, and Monsieur de Lyme continued to exist.

When we say that our old monsieur was jealous, it will scarcely be necessary to add that he kept a sharp eye upon madame, who as may be supposed, was very much annoyed at it; but she found relief in the consciousness that his suspicions were groundless.

She might, perhaps, have sometimes innocently thought that, as she was yet young, she might outlive her ancient partner, and have the good fortune to meet with a somewhat younger husband—but then this was all in perspective—merely in perspective; she was a Frenchwoman—witty, lively, gay, but not corrupt. But to proceed with our story.

Monsieur de Lyme was one evening returning from a visit to a friend in a distant quarter of the city, and had arrived in sight of his residence, when he saw, with some surprise, a man under the windows of his drawing-room, to which he ever and anon directed his attention with an anxious look. Rage took possession of the old Frenchman.

His first thought was to rush upon the fellow and annihilate him upon the spot, and then he had no weapon.

A moment's reflection, however, convinced him that it would be better to wait, and have further proof of his wife's supposed infidelity.

Concealing himself in a gateway, he saw, while his fame quivered with rage and indignation, the object of his suspicions clamber up with the agility of a monkey, and enter an open window.

Monsieur de Lyme waited no longer; he rushed into the house and encountered the intruder in the drawing-room.

The enraged husband, forgetting his natural politeness, instantly commenced a torrent of abuse, which the intruder received with great coolness.

Of course this only increased the rage of the abusing party; it was a marvel that Monsieur de Lyme did not go out of his wits at that moment.

His almost unintelligible splutterings at length subsided, and addressing the stranger in a calm, determined tone; he said:

"Monsieur, you have wounded a Frenchman where he is most vulnerable; you have invaded my dwelling.

(Here his voice faltered, and his lips quivered; but recovering himself, he continued.) "The Bois de Bologne at five to-morrow morning! Pistols! you understand me, eh?"

"Perfectly well, monsieur," replied the stranger. "At five precisely I will meet you; you will bring a friend with you?"

"No!" replied Monsieur de Lyme sternly, "I will possess no one with the hateful story. We will meet alone, if you please."

"Agreed," said the stranger bowing. "Good evening, monsieur;" and with all possible coolness he proceeded down stairs leaving the poor old Frenchman a prey to the most torturing emotions.

The professed novelist would here sprinkle the page with a triple row of stars, while the writers of newspaper paragraphs would inform us, that the scene which took place between monsieur and madame, after the departure of the gallant, may be "better imagined than described."

It will be sufficient to inform our readers that at the appointed hour, Monsieur de Lyme arrived at the Bois de Boulogne with pistol in hand, and dire revenge in his heart.

He had been pacing up and down about ten minutes, when he beheld two persons approaching.

"Two villains!" exclaimed the old Frenchman, "they are come to assassinate me;" and he resolved to fire upon the pair as they advanced, when one of them called on him to "surrender in the name of the law!"

Monsieur de Lyme stared with surprise, for he now perceived that neither of the men was the fellow who had appointed to meet him.

That surprise was greatly increased, when the police (for such they were) informed him that he was arrested on suspicion of a design to commit highway robbery.

Our old Frenchman was overwhelmed with rage, grief and mortification, from which he had not recovered when he stood before the prefect at the Bureau of police.

Luckily for monsieur, the prefect was an acquaintance of his, and a shrewd, clever man, who saw through the affair in a moment.

"Monsieur de Lyme" said he, "you appear to have fallen into a sad error.

"I strongly suspect that the man whom you thought your rival was a thief, and that he has given information to the police in revenge for your having thwarted his designs upon your property."

Scarcely had he spoken when Madame de Lyme entered the office in breathless haste, and confirmed the prefect's suspicions.

She had risen immediately on the departure of her jealous spouse, and then discovered what she had overlooked in the turmoil of the preceding evening—that the stranger had possessed himself of several valuable portable articles, as he passed through a room in his way down stairs.

Poor Monsieur de Lyme was stung with self-reproach, he saw that he had been the dupe of groundless jealousy, and embracing his wife, asked her forgiveness, declaring that he would never again doubt her.

FACT AND FANCY.—After in imagination endowing the Empress Josephine with the most noble qualities of heart and mind, it is a severe blow to our illusions to learn that she was passionate, frivolous, and insanely devoted to dress. Her toilet consumed much time, and she lavished unwearied efforts on the preservation and embellishment of her person. She changed her linen three times a day and never wore any stockings that were not new. Huge baskets were brought to her containing different dresses, shawls and hats. From these she selected her costume for the day. She possessed between three and four hundred shawls, and always wore one in the morning, which she draped about her shoulders with unequalled grace. She purchased all that were brought to her, no matter at what price. The evening toilet was as careful as that of the morning—then she appeared with flowers, pearls or precious stones in her hair. The smallest assembly was always an occasion for her to order a new costume in spite of the boards of dresses in the various palaces. Bonaparte was irritated by these expenditure; he would fly into a passion, and his wife would weep and promise to be more prudent; after which she would go on in the same way. It is almost incredible that this passion for dress should never have exhausted itself. After the divorce she arrayed herself with the same care, even when she saw no one. She died covered with ribbons and pale rose-colored satin—a wonderful instance of the ruling power strong in death.

TASTING AN ELEPHANT.—An African traveler says: The huge carcase of the elephant, or rather what remained of it, lay on one side, as it had fallen, with the legs extended. Behind the ribs and just over the belly the Kafirs had peeled off a large slab of skin about three feet square, and through the trap-door thus formed dragged out the stomach and intestines; they had also cut out the heart, liver, and lungs, so that what was left was merely hollow shell, in the lower part of which the blood had formed a pool a foot deep. Into this cavity they and the bushmen now kept entering by twos, disappearing entirely from sight, scrabbling eagerly for small pieces of fat along the backbone and about the kidneys, and bathing in, and smearing themselves all over with the blood. This is a common practice among all the natives of the interior of Africa whenever large game, such as elephants or rhinoceroses, are killed, particularly if they happen to be the first of the season. Whether they imagine that this bath of blood gives them courage or not I cannot say. They do not wash it off again, but let it dry on them and remain there till it gradually wears or gets rubbed off.

Scientific and Useful.

IRON BUOY.—An iron buoy, fitted with apparatus intended to convert the power of wave motion into electricity, which will, in turn, supply an electric light, has been anchored in the lower bay outside of New York harbor.

LEAD PIPE.—Moist morter destroys lead pipe. Underground telegraph wires have been cased in lead pipe, laid in mortar, and the pipes soon become useless. Moist mortar will eat through an ordinary sheet of lead in a year.

TO CLEAN WHITE KNITTED GARMENTS.—Take those not needing washing, being only slightly soiled, place them in a pillow-case one at a time, sprinkle flour through it, and shake well, until it looks as bright as new. Borax is excellent to wash flannels with, dissolved in luke warm water.

WIRE BELT.—An inventor has patented a belt which is made of iron wire, the selvages being brass and copper. The welt is of cotton, several threads being woven in without being twisted together. A double fabric if made, between which, or inside of which, a number of single heavier wires are inclosed to take tensile strain of the belt.

LIGHTS AND LIQUIDS.—It has lately been noticed that liquors kept in colorless bottles exposed to the light soon acquire a disagreeable taste, while those contained in brown or green bottles remain unchanged even if placed in direct sunlight. The effect is due to the chemical action of light, and liquids liable to similar result should be preserved in red, orange, yellow or green bottles — the color excluding the chemical rays.

DIPHTHERIA.—Contagion of diphtheria can be obtained from a dead body, if a recent case is accurately reported. Two persons were engaged to be married; but before the ceremony took place the man died of diphtheria. The young lady kissed her lover as he lay dead in his coffin. Three days afterward she followed him to the grave, dying of the same disease, although there was not another case of it then nor for 19 years before in the neighborhood.

COLORED PENCILS.—The composition of Faber's variously colored pencils for writing on glass, porcelain, metals, &c., is given as follows: Black—ten parts lampblack, forty parts white wax and ten parts tallow. White—forty parts white lead, twenty parts wax and ten parts tallow. Blue—ten parts Berlin blue, twenty parts wax and ten parts tallow. Dark blue — fifteen parts Berlin blue, five parts gum Arabic and ten parts tallow. Yellow—ten parts chrome yellow, twenty parts wax and ten parts tallow.

Farm and Garden.

ALUM.—Alum in whitewash is one of the best additions to make whitewash of lime which will not rub off. When powdered chalk is used, glue water is also good, but would not answer for outside work exposed to much rain.

FARM AND GARDEN.—To break up setting hens have seven pens, one for each day of the week, then all hens found wanting to set on any day of the week should be put in the pen corresponding to that day. Keep them in five days. By this arrangement it is easily told how long each hen, or pen of hens have been in.

CATTLE AND WATER.—Be careful about permitting cattle to drink from ditches or from pools in which they are accustomed to stand, or in which their droppings are deposited. Such impure water is not only liable to injure the health of the stock, but is also a fruitful cause of malarial and typhoid fever among those who use milk product from cows thus watered.

OAK WOOD.—Fourteen years ago a Michigan farmer placed two gate posts of white oak in front of his residence. When they were set he bored into the top of each, with an inch-and-a-half auger, a hole three inches deep, filled it with common salt, tightly plugged it, and coppered the posts. Having occasion recently to change the location of the posts, he found them as sound from the top to bottom as the day they were planted.

FOUNDER IN HORSES.—Founder consists of inflammation of the vascular sensitive lamina of the horse's foot. It is usually caused by over action, rapid driving, and especially by allowing the horse to stand still afterwards in the wind uncovered; after active exercise, or by drinking freely of cold water when warm, and then standing. It may also be caused by derangement of the digestive system. Usually one or both of the fore feet are affected, but the hind feet may also be involved. The feet are hot and tender and the animal stands as much as possible on his heels and trembles when moved. The disease is usually manifested the next day after the exposure.

THE PLUM.—The two principal troubles with the plum are the black knot and the curculio. Neither of them need be formidable. The black knot may be prevented or cured by promptly cutting all off on its first appearance and burning it. More commonly it is allowed to spread a year or two unobserved, and then it is justly pronounced a very formidable and incurable disease. Taken in time, it is much less labor to keep it under than to cultivate the ground. The curculio is readily destroyed by jarring the insects down on stiffened sheets and killing them with the thumb and finger. The jarring is effected by striking with an axe or hammer on iron plugs inserted in the main branches. It must be continued daily, or twice a day, as long as any insects are found. If intermitted the remedy will prove a failure.

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SATURDAY EVENING, MARCH 18, 1882.

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IS, WAS, WILL BE.

It is difficult for us to apprehend the tone of a distant age. It is hard to conceive that the people who lived in those gloomy castles whose ruins we explore, and in those quaint old houses that look to us so strange and uncanny, had the same human constitution, and experienced the same trials, joys and sorrows with ourselves.

How could they ever have felt natural wearing such fantastic clothes, living in such queer rooms, sitting down to such extraordinary meals, keeping such odd hours, and talking such an outlandish dialect? If they should come back to-day they might wonder how we could feel natural, as they looked about and saw how we lived. How they would be dumfounded as they beheld us shooting over land and water at such a rapid rate, talking through telephones, reading by electric lamps a mile or two away, having our pictures taken by the sun, our fields tilled by machinery, our factories turning out miles of cloth in a day, and everything in a general whirl, it would take some for them to collect their senses and satisfy themselves that this is the same world which they once inhabited. And the same is true of changes in the moral world.

It is a strange thing, this coming and going of one generation after another, each with its own peculiar tone—high or low, true or false. What changes we have lived to see—what changes our prosperity is destined to experience!

Fifty years ago we thought that we had advanced about as far as we could expect to go; but how old-fashioned, clumsy and crude many of the ways we had of doing things then seem to us now. How many social problems that we supposed were settled for ever have been re-opened, and how far we now seem to be from their final solution.

What a change in our style of life, our houses, hotels, club-rooms, public buildings and parks; in our furniture, dress, tables, entertainments and equipages; in our modes of doing business, investments and speculations.

Will there be as great a change in the coming half century? If so, what form will it take? Are there new discoveries to be made as marvelous as those which we have seen? Any new inventions as strange and wonderful? Fifty years hence shall we be looked back upon as rude and semi-barbaric in our habits and ways? Is it not to be presumed that the clock has yet struck twelve, or that the work of the world is done? It may be only the morning hour, and a light may hereafter break upon the world of which we have never dreamed.

SANCTUM CHAT.

THE total public debt was reduced below $2,000,000,000 on the first of last month for the first time since 1864, the amount being $1,987,649,794. The debt less cash in the treasury is $1,752,512,880. The reduction in the present year has been $39,286,000.

—

THE Russian Government has ordered that in future the national theatres are to be closed on Saturday night, as well as on Sunday, on the ground that the Sabbath begins on Saturday night, and also on all fete days, which are very numerous in Russia, and during the entire season of Lent.

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OF late religious censuses have been taken in almost every important town in England and Scotland. The results in many at least, if not in most instances, are startling, as showing the tendency of the working classes in great cities to drift away from church attendance into religious indifferentism.

—

A SAN FRANCISCO paper says that the greater part of the wealthy people of that city have Chinese servants, that Chinamen are employed in hotels and on vessels; and that there are 5,700 in the boot and shoe trade, 7,510 in the clothing manufacture, 8,500 employed in making cigars, and more than 5,000 in laundries.

—

SOME notion may be formed of the amount of ingenuity expended in England during the last ninety years in improving the umbrella, from the fact that a collection of abridgements of specifications contains abstracts of 291 patents, the earliest of which was granted in October, 1786, and the latest in July, 1870. One of these patents is called "Rhabdoskidopheras." Another is constructed to contain in the handle a pistol, powder, ball, and screw telescope, pen, ink, paper, pencil, knife, and drawing utensils.

—

THE fashionable flowers this spring will be sweet williams, single yellow daisies, English marigolds, nasturtiums, coreopsis, a flower of the daisy family, with yellow leaves and black centres. Popular fancy is running to wild flowers. Red and white clovers are more sought after for bridal bouquets than orange blossoms.

—

THE latest controversy over the exclusion of a negro from the best part of a theatre is in St. Louis. The man who brings the suit for damages is the principal of a negro public school, and a sufficient sum has been subscribed by his friends to meet the costs of extensive litigation. The Supreme Court of that State has heretofore decided that the manager of a theatre may refuse to admit anybody whom he chooses.

—

IN a single school at Charleston, S. C., there are 1,400 negro children. The teachers are all white; the principal is a man; all the other teachers are women, many of them ladies of great refinement, themselves once mistresses of slaves, whom necessity has compelled to seek employment. They are working in good faith, and with an infinite patience, and they undoubtedly make the best teachers for the blacks. From their intimate knowledge of their pupils, they know how to deal with them.

—

SOME of the current elopements are remarkable for the youthfulness of the couples. Charley Chambers, of Topeka, Kan., was eighteen, but Lucy Prescott, his runaway bride, was under thirteen. They were arrested and separated after two days of honeymoon. Louis Badgely and Josephine Howard, who found a clergyman to marry them at Oswego, N. Y., were only fifteen and fourteen: they had only a trade dollar for a fee, and that sum being unsatisfactory to the minister, fifty cents more was contributed by spectators.

—

IN a lecture upon the "great comet of 1881," the Astronomer Royal of Ireland, Prof. R. S. Ball, states that collisions of the earth with comets have often occurred, and others will doubtless occur in the future. The last of these collisions was in June, 1881, when the earth passed through the tail of a large comet. Had the earth passed through the densest part of the nucleus he did not know what the result would have been, but thinks the consequences would not have been serious. On the occasion mentioned the only indication that a collision had taken place was the peculiar appearance of the sky as observed at what was probably the very time when the earth was enclosed in the tail of the comet.

—

THE legal meaning of the word "either" was gravely argued in an English court of chancery a few years ago. A certain testator left property, the disposition of which was affected by the death of either of two persons. One lawyer insisted that "either" meant both; and in support of this view he quoted Richardson, Webster, Chaucer, Dryden, Southey, the story of the Crucifiction, and a passage from Revelations. The judge suggested that there was an old song in "The Beggar's Opera" which took the other view. "How happy would I be with either, were 'tother dear charmer away!" In pronouncing judgment the court ruled that "either" meant one of two, and did not mean "both." It might have that meaning occasionally in poetry, but never in a court of chancery.

—

A LEADING New York paper says: There is is a time for everything under the sun, is a very ancient adage, and perhaps it may be said with equal truth that very seldom can two things be done at once in a pleasurable and profitable manner. Reading while traveling—an abominable practice we have adopted from the English—should at once be discontinued by any one who values his eyesight. The motion of the conveyance, even with the best, is hurtful. With artificial light of the best kind it is dangerous. In railroad travel the whole nervous system is taxed to excess by the shocks it receives, and, although these are trifling in their effects on a short journey, on a long one they may prove very serious to persons of delicate constitutions. Yet, in spite of all the evils caused by railroad journeying in itself, people will go on reading in the cars as if desirous to augment their sufferings while on the way to their destination, and afterward. In the daytime such reading is bad enough, but after nightfall it is worse. Not only is the light furnished unsteady, but the lamps themselves are sources of probable disaster.

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THE exhibition of cocoons, looms and manufactured silk recently held in this city by the Woman's Silk Culture Association, has done much to stimulate public interest in this great neglected industry. The prizes offered for the best cocoons grown by women in the past year have been awarded—the first, $200, being given to the venerable mother of Bayard Taylor, now in her 82d year. The undertaking, urged through so many difficulties by this association, is still in its infancy, but we perceive that it is slowly but surely commending itself to the wives and daughters of farmers throughout the country. They are beginning to buy eggs, stock, etc., in a small way. Women wishing to receive further information regarding this matter, or to procure stock, should address the Woman's Silk Culture Association, Chestnut and Juniper streets, Philadelphia.

—

TEN workingmen of Marseilles clubbed together and bought a number of tickets in the Algerian lottery, one of which drew the grand prize of $100,000. Having convinced themselves that their luck was genuine, they went to Paris to collect the money, and there showed their good sense by taking ten drafts for $10,000 each, payable at Marseilles, thus avoiding the danger of losing or spending their easily-acquired riches in the gay capital, which they quitted by the first train. In Marseilles their luck has been turned to good account by the enterprising proprietors of music halls and theatres to which they have been invited in order that the public might pay for the privilege of gazing upon them. The tobacconist's shop in which the winning ticket was bought has been ornamented with a placard announcing the fact, and altogether a vast deal of pains has been taken to make a pernicious example alluring.

—

IT is very difficult—almost impossible—for a person to rise above mediocrity who has not a natural liking for his calling. He may be industrious, he may be studious, he may be intellectually competent to mount even beyond the requirements of his business, but if he lacks that feeling of pride and satisfaction in his work that congenial employment is sure to give, he will never go higher than necessity forces him. Opportunities for improvement or advancement will be overlooked or passed by with indifference or contempt. Work will be slighted when detection is not expected; the expectation of future achievements will not stimulate him to present exertions; working upon honor is not so much thought of by him, as how he can put in as little time as possible, and still draw his regular wages; the clock and the overseer are watched closer than his work; his own convenience is looked after and thought about more than the interests of his employer.

—

AN old London physician, writing of woman's work and the extension of her opportunities, says: "There is one branch in the medical profession for which it has long seemed to me that the educated woman is specially adapted, and which appears to have escaped the attention of those most interested in finding suitable occupation for her. It is the practice of pharmacy. But in and out of hospitals I apprehend that pharmacy as well as the public would profit by an extensive employment of women. Any one familiar with foreign hospitals, in which the dispensing department is in the hands of women, will be able to say whether they do their work well or ill. I do not hesitate to affirm that I have never seen dispensaries in our own medical institutions to surpass or equal them. And when we consider the general characteristics of the sex, their deftness and neat-handedness, their delicacy of taste, touch and smell, their conscientiousness, cleanliness and tidiness, I think that they possess special qualifications of undertaking more generally the work now left to men, whose general scientific attainments are certainly not beyond the reach of any ordinarily well-educated girl."

AFTER MANY DAYS.

BY H. H. V. S.

Dear heart! you beat beside my own,
That night we faced the valley view,
And marked the moon against the blue
Rise slowly while a gentle moan
Sobbed softly through the elms, and died
Away to silence, as the wide
Fair landscape all grew silver-strown.

Here is the scene unchanged! Above
Sails still the moon that saw our love,
The same stars shine, the same trees sigh,
The same clear sky is spread on high,
The same fair vistas frontwards lie;
But you, not even know I weep,
So far away, so sound asleep.

Wilful Margaret.

BY S. E. W.

A LONG, LOW ROOM with oaken panels, dark with age, and quaint, old-fashioned furniture speaking of a by-gone generation. A tall, noble-looking girl with glossy, dark brown hair, drawn back from the beautifully chiselled face and fastened at the back in a massy coil by a small gold comb, is standing before a tall and narrow ebon-framed mirror. A maid is engaged in fastening the long sweeping black dress that fits so closely to her exquisite figure as she stands in a thoughtful attitude.

"You are never going to ride Wild Sorrel to-morrow, Miss Margaret?" exclaimed the girl as she finished her task.

"Who told you that I was?" answered her mistress in a careless, indifferent tone, as she arranged a moss rose-bud in the front of her dress.

"Buckle, ma'am. The grooms say that she isn't safe for a lady to ride. They would like to tell the Squire, but dare not, for fear of your anger."

Miss Darrell laughed. "They are afraid for me, are they! What does Uncle John call me, Marian?"

"'Wilful Madge,' Miss Margaret," answered the girl timorously.

"And you know that he calls me 'Wilful Madge' because I am too self-willed to allow anyone to thwart me? So, you see, Marian," she continued as she fastened two small pearls in her ears, "that whether the grooms tell the Squire or not, it will make no difference to me. I have said that I would conquer Wild Sorrel, and conquer her I will. As to Buckle, it cannot be any business of his."

Marian was too much accustomed to her young mistress' imperious ways to be surprised at her tone.

Margaret Darrell, the orphan niece of jovial John Darrell, the batchelor owner of Waverley Hall, had long reigned despotically over all with whom she came in contact. Her uncle was too good-tempered and indolent to attempt to control her, and her naturally self-willed disposition had been unduly fostered by the years of indulgence in every whim and caprice that she chose to set up.

With a musical ripple of song, she opened the door and descended the broad flight of stairs that led to the hall, the sides of which, with their quaintly carved panels, were covered with dim and faded portraits of Margaret's martial ancestors and their numerous trophies of the chase and battlefield.

With a soft, gliding movement she crossed the curiously tiled floor and reached a small door that opened into a large conservatory. A large magnolia, with its luscious, overpowering scent, faced her. Beneath its shade a tall and slim, but well-formed, lithe man, in a black velvet lounging coat, was standing moodily, rolling a cigarette between his long taper fingers.

George Wilson was, as all his friends admitted, wonderfully handsome. Soft waves of glorious golden-tinted hair rippled over his shapely head, his rich full lips were heavily fringed with a silky moustache of the same hue, while the large luminous eyes that slumbered beneath the voluptuous fulness of the lids were intensely black.

He and Colonel Massingham—his fellow guest at the Hall—were rival suitors for the hand of Margaret Darrell. Each was a worthy match, as regarded wealth and position, for the Squire's heiress, but George Wilson lacked the steady nobility of character possessed by his older and more staid rival.

Fickleness and evanescence were the characteristics which marred his nature. It was impossible to say which Madge favored the more, but George was the more confident of the two. She used greater freedom and less restraint with him than she did with the Colonel; but then she had known the one from girlhood and the other but for a few weeks.

"So you have come at last," muttered Mr George crossly as Margaret made her appearance.

"Yes," she answered demurely; adding with provoking meekness, "you told me to come, and I came." Casting down her eyes, a roguish smile flitted round the corners of her dimpled mouth as she toyed gently with a rose-bud that was nestling on her breast.

"Who gave you that?" he demanded fiercely, his eyes following her action.

"Colonel Massingham ——"

"And you accepted it, after having refused the one I offered you this morning?" The eyes were flashing very angrily now.

"Don't be nonsensical, George. You interrupted me before I had finished. It is a new kind grown by Colonel Massingham's gardener, and my uncle wants to get some for the rosery; there's a large bunch of them on the drawing-room table." But she did not say who had singled out that bud for her.

George Wilson appeared but half mollified by this explanation. Her cool indifference seemed to exasperate him.

"Madge," he cried passionately, "you have no more feeling than a block of marble, and you trifle with me as though I were cold as yourself. Oh, Margaret, tell me whether you love me! You shall not go until you have answered me."

In his passion he grasped her tightly by the arm. Miss Darrell was half startled, but only for a moment. Her fearless spirit rather admired this violent wooing.

"How absurd you are, George!" she cried with a low laugh as she withdrew from his grasp. "If you are going to be so rough, I will not stay with you. What do you mean?"

"Then give me an answer," he growled surlily, in his jealous anger; and a mischievous twinkle came into the bright, flashing eyes as she slowly edged her way from him. To torment the world came natural to Miss Darrell.

"If foolish moths will flutter near the candle they must expect to get their wings singed," cried she; and with a rippling laugh, she opened the outer door, slipped through, and dexterously turned the key in the lock to prevent his following her.

Leaving George Wilson to digest this at his leisure, she sought the library and, throwing herself in a low fauteuil, tried to lose herself in the pages of the *Saturday Review*, but not successfully; and she soon threw it from her in discontent and an access of irritation.

"Why, Madge! what's up?" exclaimed a cheery, good-tempered voice, as a stout, jovial-looking old gentleman entered the room. "Has the *Saturday Review*, as John Bright dubbed it, been cutting up your pet novel—eh?" And the Squire dropped into a chair opposite Madge and regaled himself with a copious pinch of snuff.

"Has he?" was the careless reply given now, as she caressed the head of a large mastiff that was nestling lovingly against her knees. "Perhaps he has lost heavily on the St. Leger? George's luck and his knowledge of horses are about equal."

The Squire looked at her curiously. "Well, Madge," he said at last, "George's income is a large one; it can stand a few expensive mistakes on the turf; with your sharp head at his right hand we may some day see him the owner of the winner of the Derby. Come, child, which of your two lovers is it to be? George, or Wilfrid?"

"I don't know that it need be either, uncle. Why do you ask?"

"Well, my dear," began the Squire, as he rubbed nervously at his gold-rimmed eyeglasses, for his easy, laissez-faire nature was rather apt to quail before the energetic self-will of his imperious niece, and her supreme indifference to her own good, "the fact is Massingham has been with me this morning. You've made a conquest of a noble fellow, Madge. You have only to say the word to be mistress of Massingham Hall—the finest place in the country ——"

"Stop, Uncle John." A look of displeasure was creeping over Margaret's expressive face as she interrupted. "May I ask what Colonel Massingham means?"

"Means?"

"Yes How justify his conduct in asking you for my hand before he knows that I am willing to bestow it?"

"Why—I'm sure I don't know," faltered her uncle. "Massingham has somehow got it into his head that he is not quite indifferent to you, I fancy. And I don't see, Madge," he continued, plucking up a little more spirit, "that he is to be blamed for seeking my consent before speaking to you!"

"No, uncle dear," cried Madge, as, with an affectionate demonstrativeness not frequent with her, she stroked his rough hand lovingly, "it is not that; but he has no right to assume that he has but to ask and have." Her eyes were flashing ominously, which augured ill for Colonel Massingham's suit, as her uncle pressed her for an answer; her cheeks flushed angrily as she rose, evidently she was greatly put out.

"Well, Madge?"

"Tell Colonel Massingham," she cried with the dignity of an offended queen, "that Margaret Darrell is not to be wooed through another, and that it is unwise to take things too much for granted."

The Squire maintained a prudent silence, but raised his eyebrows comically at the tragic air she assumed as she strode majestically towards the door.

Before she could reach it, however, it was opened by some one from without, and a tall, strongly built, soldierly looking man, of about thirty-eight years of age, entered the room. Without being possessed of the exceptional beauty of his more youthful rival, Wilfrid Massingham could fairly claim to rank as a handsome man. All who looked on his pure-bred English face felt that they saw before them one who was, in every sense of the word, a gentleman. The well-defined chin and firm-looking mouth, its sternness softened by the most fascinating of smiles, bespoke a manly strength and decision of character that was not belied by the noble brow or by earnest eyes of a soft tender grey.

Margaret's cheeks paled as she met his gaze. She made a movement to pass him; but he put out his hand to detain her.

Squire Darrell, failing to make the Colonel comprehend his winks and nods, discreetly withdrew, leaving him to bear alone the full brunt of the young lady's displeasure.

"Will you allow me to pass, Colonel Massingham?" she asked, impatiently tapping the ground with her foot.

"Certainly, if you wish it," he replied, moving from before the door. But her mood had changed; she made no movement to avail herself of the accorded permission, and the look of scorn partly faded from her face. It is hard to fathom the depths of the female mind, especially where it is swayed by love. Perhaps her undisciplined spirit was prompting her to revenge her offended dignity by the humiliation of him who had caused it. Or, another cause may have had its effect on her conduct.

Colonel Massingham's manliness had hitherto prevented him from becoming blindly submissive to her wayward whims and caprices.

She had long resented this, and her resentment was increased by a half-acknowledged intuition that in a tussle for mastery between them the Colonel would come off victor. Now the ball was at her feet, and she would show how well she could roll it, how little she cared for it.

"Miss Darrell," Colonel Massingham began, in quiet manly tones, as they stood facing each other, "I am not a courtier, and I fear have but little romance to spend in sentimental speeches. Your uncle, probably, has told you of my hopes. Have I been presumptuous in entertaining them?"

This was a very different mode of wooing from that pursued by the passionate, vehement George Wilson; Madge was somewhat puzzled by its truthful and earnest straightforwardness.

"I will be candid with you, my dear," continued the Colonel as she stood debating how to answer him. "You are not my first love—the memory of that is too dark to you—and I am nearly twice your age; but if you can accept the true and honest affection that I now offer you, I pledge you, by my honor, that, from me you shall never have cause to repent it."

He put his hands as if to take hers in his, but she kept them folded together in front of her. "I should not have spoken to your uncle," he added, "had I not felt that I had received sufficient encouragement from you to justify such a step."

This latter allusion was unfortunate. All Madge's offended dignity bristled up again, the softening effect that had been stealing over her gave place to angry passion. In words of scorn she upbraided him for his presumption in imagining that she favored his suit, hardly herself knowing what she said.

Colonel Massingham fixed his clear, steady eyes on hers, and she was fain to droop them as she foolishly cast from her that most precious gift, a simple, honest love. Without vouchsafing another glance at the unfortunate man whose hopes she had so ruthlessly quenched, Madge swept from the room.

Stunned by the unexpectedness of the blow, for he truly loved her, Wilfrid Massingham sat lost in a dreamy stupor. Twice within his life had he now loved, and twice had his heart been lacerated and torn by the capricious sex.

He bowed his head in his hands as the memory of the dark past ran riot through his brain, bringing before him one who had seared his heart's affections—for ever, he had thought then.

It was not until he saw Margaret, he learnt that he still could love. Were the women all alike, he wondered—yet, how he loved her! The dusky shadows of evening began to fill the room, when some one entered and disturbed his reverie. It was George Wilson; George with a look of triumph sparkling in his wondrous eyes.

"Congratulate me, old fellow," he cried in joyous, rapturous tones as he held out his hand to Wilfrid; "I have won her."

A look of pain passed over Colonel Massingham's calm features as he took the hand that was offered to him. "I do congratulate you, Wilson," he said in tones of deep and sincere earnestness. "The fight has been a fair one, and you are the conqueror. Margaret is wilful and high spirited; but she has noble qualities, and she will be what you choose to make her."

"What I choose to make her! do you think that?"

"Yes, if she loves you. I can but hope she does—as you have won her."

George Wilson's shallow nature was moved by his companion's earnestness. "Poor fellow," he cried to himself when left alone. "He feels it pretty keenly. He's not half a bad sort. It's a pity Madge hadn't the sense to accept him. He's just the cool sort of fellow she ought to have for a husband. Egad! I'm not sure that I haven't made an ass of myself. She'll be the deuce of a trouble to manage."

So! Those were Mr. George's sentiments. While Madge had kept him at arms length he had felt all the exciting zest of pursuit; now that she had come and, of her own free will, consented to be his, the pleasure began to pall and he longed for a new face to stimulate him to fresh exertion.

And Madge—where is she? In her bedroom, with no light save the dim grey of the approaching night.

Her face is pale, and there are signs of scalding tears on her cheeks as she rises slowly from a pitiful attitude. A faded rose-bud, wet from the touch of her warm young lips, is in her hands.

How little does Wilfrid Massingham deem that his offering is so carefully treasured. Opening her desk, Madge presses her lips again passionately to the withered bud and then places it beside that one other most dearly loved and prized of all her possessions—a lock of her mother's hair—that dear mother, whose memory is to her as a misty, half-forgotten dream.

How often does she yearn for that one tender, sympathetic breast on which to pour out her joys and griefs; with a mother to guide and train her how different she would have been. The little secret drawer closed with a snap, and the two mementoes slumber side by side in a darkness as deep as that now closing around Madge's wayward, untamed heart.

II.

THE next morning Madge came down, prepared to ride Wild Sorrel. Buckle, waiting at breakfast, looked askance at his young lady's habit.

"She be main masterful this morning, Miss," said Thomas, the old head groom. "I had a sight of trouble to saddle her." Wild Sorrel shook her glossy mane scornfully, as if she understood the complaint but felt utterly indifferent to it.

"Hold her head, Thomas," cried Madge, disdaining his warning as she prepared to mount. George Wilson was beside her. He stepped forward to assist her, but she motioned him back. "I do not need any help, thank you," she exclaimed curtly, as she sprang lightly to her seat.

Wild Sorrel turned her eyes on her with a surprised look, as if wondering at her temerity in mounting her. Contrary, however, to Thomas' expectation, she stood quite still and allowed Madge to soothingly pat her neck. Madge was a fearless rider and knew well how to manage a stubborn or restive horse; but the mare's great strength and character for vice may well have aroused the grooms' fears for their young mistress' safety.

Colonel Massingham came forward. He and Madge had met at dinner the preceding night—to outward observers just as usual.

Perhaps he may have been a trifle more grave; but, if so, his gravity was counterbalanced by her feverish brilliancy; she seemed resolved to outshine herself.

He now advanced and tried to prevail upon her to change her steed for one less uncertain; but the quiet words in which he urged his request seemed to add fuel to the fire. "Stand back!" she cried. "I am going to start, and Wild Sorrel may do you harm."

The Colonel turned appealingly to George Wilson, who was preparing to mount a beautiful bay that his groom was holding. "Will you permit her to risk her life like this?" he said to him in tones that had an unconscious ring of scorn in them. George shrugged his shoulders with selfish deprecation, as if to intimate how useless it would be for him to oppose his will to hers.

Thomas had opened the gates, and Wild Sorrel was beginning to get restive; but Colonel Massingham, who had caught sight of the Squire's figure advancing in the distance, still maintained his grasp.

Whether she feared her uncle would stop her, or that her own self-dissatisfaction goaded her to passion, Margaret, with an angry flush, raised her small gold-handled whip; at the same time Wild Sorrel tossed her head, the Colonel was dragged forward and the blow that had been aimed at his hand alighted, with full force, on his cheek.

A livid weal rose on it as, stung by the sharpness of the pain, he slackened his grip of the reins. In a moment, and before he had time to tighten it, they were wrested from him and he was left standing by himself; Wild Sorrel was curvetting and prancing down the lane, followed, at a respectful distance from her heels, by George Wilson on his well-trained and easily managed bay.

They rode along, Wild Sorrel pretty quiet. She soon dropped into an easy canter, and as Margaret felt the exhilarating effects of the healthy exercise her anger began to subside, and qualms of remorse, that she had allowed her temper to master her in her conflict with Colonel Massingham, to take its place.

She would not, however, allow this to become apparent to her companion, but, on the contrary, exerted herself to make the ride agreeable to him.

"Wild Sorrel's character has been maligned," remarked George, as, after about an hour's riding, they turned their horses' heads in the direction of home.

Madge smiled with self-complacency; as if the merit of the mare's improvement in temper was due to her rider's skill. They were now crossing a large breezy common about two miles from the Hall, and Madge, deceived by Wild Sorrel's good behavior, and relying on her own self-confidence, was not quite so much on the alert as she should have been when riding an uncertain tempered animal.

As they reached a cross road a large gipsy caravan met them. Now anything in the shape of a wagon was Wild Sorrel's pet aversion; so, as soon as she caught sight of the large, clumsy-looking vehicle piled up with its motley collection of articles, she planted her fore-feet firmly in the ground, and raised her head with a snort of displeasure. At the same time an ugly-looking cur ran out from beneath the gaudily-colored van and snapped at her legs.

Like a flash of lightning the vicious animal lowered her head, threw back her ears, seized the bit between her teeth, and darted off with the speed of the whirlwind. Mr. Wilson started in pursuit, but his horse was no match in speed for Wild Sorrel, and there was soon a long distance between them.

Madge, he could see, was sitting well, but it became painfully evident that she was not strong enough to cope with the prodigious strength of the mare now that she was on her mettle.

Had the road been straight there would have been less danger; she might even have succeeded in tiring out the creature's violence; but the mare had left the track. She was taking a sidelong course over the common, and George's face grew pale as he saw her heading directly for some gravel-pits, into which she would assuredly hurl

herself unless her wild career could be checked in time. Cold drops of terror burst out over his face as he strained every nerve to urge on his horse.

"Too late," he groaned, in an agony of remorse for not having lent his voice to Colonel Massingham's when trying to dissuade her from her purpose.

Wild Sorrel was within a few yards of the pit, the opening of which was conceal'ed from view by a slight ascent, fringed at the margin with some stunted furze bushes. He closed his eyes so that he should not see the catastrophe.

In that critical moment a horseman appeared in sight on the right. He was galloping at full speed, as if to head, and thus stop, the runaway.

It was Colonel Massingham, who had sought the solitude of the common in preference to the garrulous companionship of his host, and thus had been witness of Wild Sorrel's mad flight and Margaret's danger. Regardless of self he dashed forward, and reached the brink at the same time as Wild Sorrel. The mare, hearing the sound of hoofs, had slightly slackened her tremendous pace as he neared her; he leaned forward, and by a dexterous movement, grasped her reins close to the curb.

By Madge's orders, it unfortunately had been fastened too closely to be of much use with an animal of Wild Sorrel's calibre.

The movement stopped the mare so suddenly that she was almost thrown back on her haunches. In a moment Margaret had slipped from the saddle, and then there was a scream of terror.

A falling of gravel was heard, and her preserver and his steed disappeared from view as the edge of the pit gave way under the weight and pressure brought to bear upon it by the struggling horses.

Wild Sorrel trotted off quietly and began browsing at the turf as if in her own paddock. George, startled by Margaret's scream, hurried to the scene. With scared face of an ashen pallor, she was clambering and slipping frantically down the rough side of the chasm, at the bottom of which Wilfrid Massingham was lying with closed eyes, motionless, as if dead, and with his half-stunned horse a few feet from him.

But few signs of life were in the still form when the girl reached it; she shuddered as she saw the blood oozing from a gash dangerously close to the left temple.

A strange, calm self-possession stole over her as she watched George, and saw some laborers who had witnessed the accident, take a hurdle that was lying near, and place him upon it; her own hands helped to strew it with fern and heather so that he might lie softly.

They were not far from the Hall. She walked beside the sad procession alone; George rode off at his best speed for a doctor.

"Leave him to me, my dear," exclaimed the motherly old housekeeper, as he was laid on the bed that had been hastily prepared for him on the ground floor; but Margaret heeded her not.

With a face as pale as the deathlike one before her, she stood watching the efforts made to woo back the spirit that seemed about to spread its wings.

The Squire, helpless in the sick room, had wandered to the lodge gates, anxious for the doctor. The housekeeper and maids were doing all they could for their master's injured guest. Margaret seemed lost in a dream.

"For my sake," she kept murmuring to herself, as the unwonted tears blinded her eyes. She stooped over him to wipe his forehead with her handkerchief, then, carried away by some sudden and uncontrollable impulse, she bent over the prostrate form, and pressed her lips to the cruel livid mark on his cheek that had been caused by her hand.

Remorse and repentance made her oblivious of the presence of the women; but other eyes than theirs had seen what she did. George, returning with the doctor, was standing in the doorway.

"Madge," he cried, half angrily, half in astonished wonderment, "how impulsive you are! Massingham is no end of a good fellow—but, hang it all, it's too much to kiss him. What does it mean?"

"It means," she cried, in a sharp, anguished voice, as she swept past him, "that I have discovered my mistake. I cannot be your wife, George, for I love Wilfrid Massingham."

* * * * * *

For several days Wilfrid Massingham hovered on the borderland that separates life from death, and then the scale turned and nature triumphed.

George Wilson, finding that Madge was in earnest in breaking her engagement with him, had left Waverley. Left it boiling over with rage and love—or what he deemed was that passion; for it had sprung to life again with all its old violence when he found that he had lost that which he thought he had gained.

Madge treated him so cavalierly that he was compelled to accept his dismissal; and Wild Sorrel was sent to Tattersall's. Her mistress had vowed never to mount her again. And the time went on.

It was a bright day early in October. The sun was shining with a cheerfulness that was very pleasant; though the weather was sufficiently chilly to make a fire agreeable to those whom age or illness prevented from indulging in open air exercise.

Colonel Massingham—fast progressing in convalescence—was seated before the library fire in a roomy arm-chair, well stuffed with pillows and shawls.

A low foot-stool was before his feet, and a book was in his hand. It was lying, however, idly on his knee.

He seemed to be lost in meditation. His face was still pale from the effects of his accident, and the wound on his brow was healed; its place being marked by a scar that he would carry to his grave.

Perhaps he was recalling the last time that he had sat in that room, when Margaret had so ruthlessly shown to him his folly in trusting to one of her sex.

He had seen her once or twice during his illness and been struck by the change in her demeanor—so different to her old imperious ways. He knew that George had left, but could only guess at the cause.

While thus ruminating, the door opened, and, with a soft rustling sound of her long sweeping dress, the object of his thoughts entered the room. "I am so pleased to see you down stairs again," she said as she advanced towards him.

After a few more words of greeting, her tongue seemed to fail her. She began rearranging a bouquet of autum flowers in the china-bowl that stood on a small ornamental pedestal near, and Colonel Massingham's eyes rested, a tender love beaming in their sad depths, upon the fairest bud of them all.

The slight air of embarrassment that dwelt upon her beautiful face made it more womanly than in the old days of her pride and petulance.

Margaret had a task before her. She had nerved herself for its fulfilment, but now that the time had come her courage seemed to fail.

"I have never yet thanked you for what you did on that dreadful day," she began in a low, hurried voice, and shivering slightly.

The Colonel tried to stop her words, but the most difficult part of her task was to come; and, now that she had made the plunge she would not spare herself, humiliating though it might once have been to her proud spirit.

"Will you forgive me, Colonel Massingham," she continued, speaking in a low, ashamed voice, while her cheeks burnt with a vivid red, "for my rudeness, my insolence to you that morning, when you tried to keep me from riding Wild Sorrel?"

"Margaret," he answered in soft, kindly tones, "come here, and let me tell you a dream that I had that day as I was lying at the gates of death.

"I do not remember being carried to the house. I was as one dead, when, suddenly, I felt the warm touch of lips pressed to my face.

"I believe that touch saved my life; as I half opened my eyes, I saw that an angel was ministering to me. With that kiss the mark was wiped from my cheek and the remembrance of it from my mind."

The crimson tide surged through Margaret's veins, dyeing her bosom, her cheeks, and her brow with a bright, roseate flush, as she listened to the tender wistfulness in his voice.

With a piteous little cry she pressed her hands before her burning face and sank on the soft rug on her knees before him.

He leant forward eagerly. "Margaret," he cried, as he rested his strong hand on her shoulder with a soft, caressing touch, "tell me—what is this? Was my dream reality? Has an angel come to wipe out all the darkness from my past? I think it must be so. Come, rise, my love. Here—at my side; not there, at my feet."

"Yes, here—at your feet, Wilfrid," she burst out passionately. "It is the fittest place for Wilful Madge when she surrenders her will—her faults, her everything—to her lord and master."

With gentle force he drew her to him; her head rested against his shoulder. One hand was held in his as he stooped and pressed his lips to her brow.

"No, not at my feet, dearest," he murmured; "but here—on my left—next my heart, with my right arm free to shield and protect thee. Wilful Madge!"

"Not that name with you, Wilfrid," she whispered meekly, as she raised her shy eyes, luminous with their newly-found light. "Never wilful again with you."

"Be it so," came the fond accents. "To me, gentle Madge, my loving wife; to all the rest of the world, as of yore, you will still be unconquered, Wilful Madge."

One's Relations.

BY WILSON BENNOR.

ADELINE was a young housekeeper. We're all young housekeepers in our time," said Aunt Betsy, placidly polishing her spectacle glasses as she sat by the fire, "and experience can't be learned out of books like spelling and ciphering and the rule of three.

"And our Adeline was like all other brides; she supposed that when she got married she was going to step right into Paradise.

"Dear knows what girls are thinking about to make such a mistake as that. But there, we're all mortal! If we wasn't, some of us would be angels, and some of us t'other thing, and I take it that is not the intentions of Providence at all.

"Yes, as I was saying, Adeline she was a young housekeeper, and, of course, it was very kind for all her husband's relations to come and visit her just as she was putting up her curtains and putting down her carpets.

"Uncle Peter Poole, too, on Adeline's own side, came all the way from Berwick with his wife and the two boys. Said he shouldn't have thought of such a thing, if Adeline hadn't been housekeeping.

"And I don't suppose he would; for Uncle Peter Poole was one of your economical sort, and really hotels cost a deal of money. And old Miss Caroline Carter with her mother, they came; and Amariah Hazledean came; and, finally, Adeline and her husband, they slept on a mattress on the kitchen floor, and I stayed o' nights at Miss Delford's, the milliner, two doors down the street.

"It was pretty hard, as you may believe, and Adeline said she didn't know how in the world she was going to stand it. But John Henry said it was our duty to be hospitable, and after all, the relations couldn't stay for ever. But after a little while it did begin to appear as if some of 'em intended it!

"And there were other disagreeables. Uncle Peter couldn't eat salt herring, and old Mrs. Carter said that yeast in any shape was poison to her.

"Amariah Hazledean couldn't drink green tea, and Caroline Carter disliked black tea. Mrs. Poole said fried steak wasn't fit to eat, and John Henry's father, a nice old gentleman, only rather disposed to be fidgety, he liked his bit of bacon and liver fried in the pan with plenty of butter. Aunt Poole wanted Irish stew, and Caroline said people might as well swallow so much poison.

"Amariah liked dinner at one, and John Henry's father preferred two o'clock, and John Henry himself had to have it at six on account of his business.

"And between 'em all I did think Adeline would have gone crazy, especially after the servant went away.

"'I can stand one missus, mem,' said Annie, 'but I can't stand twenty; no, nor no living soul couldn't!' And I didn't blame the poor creature.

"Well, but to get on with my story. The last straw that broke the camel's back was—pigs' feet! It don't seem exactly logical, I know," said Aunt Betsy, scratching the bridge of her nose, thoughtfully, with her knitting needle; "but it's gospel truth, all the same.

"It was of a Monday, and the washerwoman she was busy in the kitchen, and me and Adeline were in the dairy-room, cutting up the chicken to make a nice pie for dinner for John Henry was partial to chicken pie and said that Adeline's crust beat all for lightest and sweetness, though Uncle Peter Poole said that people might as well commit suicide as to eat boiled dough; when in comes old Mrs. Carter, smiling all over—she had a set of false teeth that didn't fit over well, and they did give her an awful wolfish look when she was good-natured.

"'My dear,' says Mrs. Carter, 'what have you got for dinner?'

"Adeline looked scared.

"'Chicken pie, Aunt Carter,' said she.

"'Never mind the chicken pie," said Mrs. Carter, looking as if she was all teeth. 'I was just going past a market, and I brought you a dozen pigs' feet.'

"'Pigs' feet?' said Adeline.

"And she looked at 'em as if they were so many pigs' tails.

"'I'm dreadful fond of pigs' feet,' said old Mrs. Carter. 'Give 'em a good boil, because if pigs' feet ain't tender they ain't nothing.'

"She had hardly got out of the room, for she was very stout, and walked like a waddling duck, when in came old Uncle Peter Poole by the basement door, with a brown paper parcel under his arm.

"'Niece,' said he, 'I've a pleasant surprise for you—pigs' feet. I like 'em boiled down, and then sliced off and fried with a sprinkle of powdered sage.'

"Adeline looked at me.

"'Aunt Betsy,' said she, 'what am I to do?'

"'Do just as you was going to do,' said I 'Go on with the chicken pie.'

"Just then the door-bell rang, and in came a package with Amariah Hazledean's name written in the corner. 'With compliments!' And, if you'll believe me, it was half a dozen pigs' feet!

"'Is everybody crazy?' says Adeline.

"She hadn't fairly got through saying it before in walks old Miss Caroline with a basket.

"'I hope you won't think I'm taking a liberty, Cousin Adeline,' she said, triumphantly; 'but I was down at a wholesale grocer's this morning to get some cocoa for 'ma ('ma finds that she cannot drink tea nor coffee, so if you won't mind making the cocoa we shall be so much obliged), and I saw the loveliest pigs' feet next door, so white and fresh, my dear! And if you'll just put 'em in a pickle, we can enjoy 'em for a relish.'

"Adeline stood a minute, looking first at Caroline Carter and her basket, and then at the piles of pigs' feet on the table. And then she put down her knife, and untied the white housekeeping apron that she always wore in the kitchen.

"'Bless me, Adeline,' said I, 'what are you going to do?'

"'I'm going home to 'ma,' said Adeline, with a little hysterical gurgle in her throat.

"'And who'll cook the pigs' feet?' said old Miss Caroline Carter, bridling up like a setting hen.

"'I don't know,' said Adeline, 'and I don't care! One thing I do know, I won't submit to this imposition any longer. I'm going home to 'ma.'

"So she did. And I gathered up all the pigs' feet, and put 'em in the biggest pot I could find, and boiled 'em and served them up, piping hot, for dinner.

"The relations all sat around and ate them with the sourest faces and the glummest looks that you ever saw. And after dinner they all retired to pack their boxes.

"When the house was clear I went after Adeline. 'My dear,' said I, 'you can come back now.'

"'Are they all gone?' said Adeline, faintly.

"'Yes,' says I; 'and so are the pigs' feet.'

"Adeline laughed—she couldn't restrain herself, although I could see, plain enough, that she was just ready to burst out crying.

"'And what did John Henry say?' faltered she.

"'He said you did perfectly right,' I answered, promptly.

"'And—and the pigs' feet?' she whispered.

"'They're all eaten up, my dear,' said I, 'and we'll have the chicken pie for dinner to-morrow.'

"So Adeline came back home—and you never saw such a looking place. If a whirlwind of old coats and packing paper, spectacle cases, and rusty hair-pins had blown through all the room, they couldn't have looked worse than the Carters' and Uncle Peter Poole's folks and Amariah Hazeldean had left it up stairs.

"But the fire was burning brightly in the sitting room, and Annie, the girl, was back, smiling and curtseying; and there was the cosy little tea-table set for three, and John Henry waiting to welcome us.

"'You're not angry with me, dear?' said Adeline, looking timidly up in his face.

"'Angry, my darling?' said John Henry. 'I'm angry with myself because I stood this sort of thing so long. We've been living long enough for a swarm of one's relations, now let us try and live for ourselves a little while.'

"'And after that we had a little peace," added Aunt Betsy. "But to this day Adeline declares that she never should have had courage to behave as she did if it hadn't been for the pigs' feet."

The Legend of the Bell.

BY J. E. CARPENTER.

IN A VERY old room of one of the most antiquated buildings in one of the most ancient towns in England, sat five old men. It was in the olden time, but even then the spot of which we are writing was looked upon by the antiquaries of the time, men who have long since gone down into their graves, with inquiring eyes; and many were the old legends, landmarks of history, with which it was associated.

The old room was the one of those in which the solid beams which supported the upper apartments projected low down from the ceiling—itself so low that a man of moderate height could touch it with the palm of his hand; its floor was of red tile, and its huge fire-place, or rather hearth, for fire-place there was none, in the modern acceptation of the term, afforded ample space for a dozen individuals to sit beside it, while the crackling log burned at their feet.

The building, of which this room formed a portion, was an ancient hostelry or inn, and, although it was in the main thoroughfare, or street, as we should now call it, there was a wide open space in front of it, about which stood rude benches where the guests were wont to regale themselves in summer.

The locality of the town we need not now mention, it has since become a city, and would not now be recognized.

The five old men, and they were all very old, were the bell-ringers of the venerable church which stood a stone's throw from the hostelry.

They were seated in the deep chimney corner, for it was in the holly time, and were occupying themselves in inhaling the smoke of the fragrant Indian weed.

For some time they smoked on, apparently buried in their own reflections. At length the eldest, whose long, thin, and silvery locks, and spare visage, proclaimed him to be almost a centenarian, drew a long whiff, and squeaked out half-musingly:

"I shall live to see it yet!"

"Never, Janson!" observed the youngest of the party, a hale old man of three-score and ten, "never; 'tis nineteen years last Candlemas, and she looks younger and stronger than ever.

"What is she? A girl, a very chit, to you or I! And do you think, Janson, that you, who have already one foot in the grave, can hope to outlive her?"

"I tell you it will come to pass, Willy; the same thing has happened twice before since I have been bell-ringer at St. Margaret's, and I tell you again that it will come to pass."

"Tell us about it, Janson!" said a third of the party, "you have a wonderful memory, and belike it will become our turn to tell the old stories of the bells when you are gone."

"When I am gone! I tell thee, Mat, the old scythesman has passed my door and forgot me; here am I to drink a health to King George the Third, whom heaven grant a life as long as my own! and I tolled your bell on the death of the merry Charlie. Ay! they were rare times—big Bess was the only bell that then swung in St. Margaret's steeple, and she narrowly escaped being cast into another shape a few years before, in the civil wars. Yes, I have a rare memory."

"And you were a ringer in King Charles' time?" echoed Mat, for they loved to get the old man to tell his old stories about the bells—though they had heard them scores of times before.

"Yes," replied Janson, "I was born in his reign; but I was a man when he died, and I have tolled Big Bess for William and Annie and two Georges since then."

"Few men, as you Janson," observed another of the ringers, in the tone of flattery which seemed to please the garrulous old man, "can boast of having lived in six reigns."

"Seven, boy, seven!" continued old Janson, peevishly, "but no English bell tolled the knell of the last King Jamie."

"Truth! but you have a rare memory!"

"Oh, rare!" ejaculated the others; "but tell us about the bells—the wedding bells."

"The first wedding peal that was rung on those bells was for the marriage of old Simon Plumbtree, the vintner; a sour miserly beggar as ever palmed off the thin wines of the Cape for the true Malmsey. Well, he refused the ringers their fees—but I followed him home and again demanded them.

"He turned me out of the house as he would turn out a strange dog. So I told him I would ring a knell he would little like to hear. In three months after that his wife died—but he paid the dues he begrudged at his wedding—ha, ha."

"Probably he gained more by the burial than by the bridal?" suggested old Matthew.

"Yes," answered Janson, "his wife brought him three thousand pounds; but his avarice led him to embark that, as well as his own gains, in the South Sea scheme, and he was buried as a pauper at last."

"The curse of the bell-ringers was on him," interposed the old ringer, who had been addressed as Willy.

"No," said Janson, "though people had heard the story and chose to say so—it was only his own avarice working out its end—so with the death of his wife, a doctor might have saved her, but old Plumbtree saved his guinea and lost his helpmate."

"And the second one?"

"Was Luke Bradshaw, the mason—his wife lived six years after her marriage—he was sexton of the parish, and refused to fee the ringers, because, he said, he was free of the church—being the servant of it like ourselves."

"A paltry subterfuge, that couldn't save his wife!" chimed in Matthew; "but your prophecy will hardly come true again. It's twenty years, come Candlemas, since Peter Shaw, the pewterer, married the miller's daughter."

"Ay! twenty years—the time is almost up. Peter made a compact with me—we shall see how well he keeps it."

"And the compact was!"

"That Peter was a poorer man then, though he had a fair share of trade, and the little money that the miller could give him was to enable him to increase it; he was the last man who ever refused to pay the ringers—for the fate of the two brides became a sort of village gossip and grew into a superstition.

"To prove the folly of these old wives stories, as Peter called them, he also refused to pay the ringers on his wedding day; but he said, when I paid him the customary visit, 'Come to me this day twenty years, and if I do not repent of my bargain I will pay you.'"

"And the twenty years will be up next Candlemas."

"I shall live to do it yet!" was the only remark that the old man made, nor could all the persuasion of his fellows induce him to discourse further of the stories of the bells.

From the above conversation, the reader will gather nearly all we have to communicate respecting this singular compact.

It was not through parsimony that Peter had refused the customary fees to the ringers on his wedding day, but to prove he was above the vulgar prejudices of the time.

Matters had thrived with him since he married; the old miller had died and left him a considerable sum, and in his own trade he had been equally successful.

He had not forgotten his compact with Janson, and had frequently wondered at the prolonged life of the bell-ringer, never imagining from his age that he would ever live to remind him of it, if indeed he had any recollection of the circumstance; which, although Peter doubted, he was determined not to take advantage of.

In spite of a strong and well constituted mind, the pewterer could not help feeling some anxiety as the termination of the twenty years approached, and it was with great delight that on the eventful Candlemas day he found her in her usual health. "At last," he said, "the old churl shall see that I have not repented of my bargain," and going into his counting-house, he was about to send for Janson when the old man came hobbling up to the door.

"Well, Janson, I'm glad to see you. I was about to send for you, to prove to you that I have not repented my choice, and to express a hope that you, who have been spared so long, will not go down into the grave without feeling that with the great Disposer of Events rests the fate of life and death.

"[illegible] the ringers [illegible] with [illegible] Janson, who [illegible] the [illegible] of Janson [illegible] pounds, each of which [illegible]

The old ringer mumbled out his thanks and sought companionship at the ale.

"Peter is a fool," they said, "Janson will never live to be called for another funeral."

"For one more—for one more," said Janson feebly—the event of the day could not root out the superstition from his mind.

"I dreamt, last night, that I was tolling Big Tom for the last time—and that I was tolling a bell for my own funeral."

The day following an event occurred that long after afforded a theme for the gossips of the town.

It was the Sabbath, and Peter and his wife attended service in their usual seats. During the sermon, Mrs. Shaw was seized with apoplexy and carried out of the church a corpse.

On the [illegible] Janson, who, [illegible] [illegible] taken his [illegible] [illegible] fifty, to assist in [illegible] the mighty bell, persisted in going to the belfry alone.

As the funeral cortege approached the churchyard, the bell suddenly ceased, people thought at the time that this was done purposely, because the deceased had, by one day only, falsified Janson's prediction.

Several hours after the companions of the latter sought him in the belfry. He was dead on the floor—the rope which he had twisted round his arm, had carried him off his legs, and no longer having strength to subdue the huge mass of metal, he had been dashed to the ground and killed.

The story is still current in the neighborhood, where they even say that on the day of his interment the bell tolled of its own accord; and even declare that it was his own ghost that tolled it; and add that for many years after, at Candlemas, the bell has been heard to toll, but with a strange unearthly sound, like distant music, and then only by those who believe in ghosts and witchcraft. Be that as it may, there are many still living who believe devoutly in the Legend of the Bell.

The Midnight Fire.

BY M. M. B.

WILLIAM and Mark Travers were brothers, born and brought up in the same village, both married, and each having one child. Each was also the owner of a small dwelling, the gift of their father, who had died not long before the date of our story.

Their outward advantages at the start were equal, in all respects, save one. William, the elder, had married a girl who, until her father's fortunes failed, had been the belle of the neighboring county town, but was now a sickly, dawdling creature, little better than an incumbrance to her jovial and energetic mate; while Mark's wife was just the reverse, robust, sensible, and industrious.

Yet, despite this difference in their matrimonial lots, Mark's house, at the end of five years, was heavily mortgaged; while William, in the same time, had added a story and a wing to his abode, and had put by no inconsiderable sum against a rainy day.

Neither of the brothers found any difficulty in procuring almost constant employment; but the truth was, that Mark, although a sober man and enjoying vigorous health, disliked work, and generally shirked whenever possible; so that oftentimes only his wife's hard toil and managing faculties saved the household from actual suffering.

At last the poor woman, in consequence of over-exertion and exposure during an unusually trying winter, was laid up with long-lasting sickness; and now Mark allowed his brother to supply their daily wants, which for some time the latter continued to do without a murmur. But as weeks lengthened into months, and Mrs. Mark Travers' condition became that of a confirmed invalid, William felt that duty to his own family required him to withdraw his assistance, especially as he knew that his brother had lately been offered more than one excellent job, which he had never troubled himself to undertake. In kind, but decided terms, he told Mark his resolution, and urged him to set to work without delay.

Constitutional indolence, whatever may be the popular notion on the subject, is not always associated with an imperturbable temper. The well-meant advice was bitterly resented; high words ensued; and at length, Mark declared his intention of removing to a distance from his brother, additional [illegible] misfortune which might perhaps reduce the latter to a level with himself.

He was absent from home the rest of the day, and on his return was observed, for almost the first time in his life, to be somewhat intoxicated.

About the middle of that night flames were seen issuing from the yet unoccupied extension of William's pretty cottage, and in fifteen minutes they had reached the main building. The neighbors quickly gathered to the spot, and lent all the aid in their power, for the elder Travers was a general favorite; but the supply of water was found to be so scanty that their endeavors were almost useless. The conflagration had already involved the greater part of the building, when a female, with dishevelled hair, and clad only in her flowing night-robes, rushed from the crowd towards the front entrance.

"My child, my darling child!" she screamed, while struggling frantically against the friendly hands which detained her; "my baby boy! Save him! Let me go! He must not—he shall not perish!"

It was William's wife, who had just discovered that her little son had just been left sleeping in an upper chamber, while supposed by all the other inmates to have been taken out with herself.

Ladders were speedily procured, and one of the brave men present proceeded to mount in defiance of the flames, which were spreading with fearful rapidity. But he had scarcely ascended half way, when the lower rounds caught fire, and he was compelled to relinquish the attempt. Another trial was made with the same result.

Among the lookers-on was an unfortunate object of public charity, who was mentally an imbecile, though a full-grown man in years and bodily development.

Up to this time the spectacle of the fire had afforded Leaping Larry, as the idiot was generally called, unmixed delight, which he had evinced by various extravagant antics, such as seriously interfered with [illegible] efforts to make himself useful.

Uttering an incoherent cry, he darted from the throng, and running up to a large oak tree which stood at a distance of some ten yards from the front of the burning house, clambered up its trunk with the agility of a panther, until he reached a high projecting limb.

Crawling to the extreme end of this, he was brought within three feet of an open casement in the upper story, into which he threw himself by a single effort, and disappeared.

Before two minutes had passed he was again seen at the window, surrounded by eddying volumes of smoke and flame, but with the babe, apparently fast asleep, held firmly, yet tenderly, on one arm.

In a few moments more he was standing on the narrow ledge outside, whence, without the smallest hesitation, he flung himself forward, grasping the tree-limb as he fell with his disengaged hand, and once more was hanging full twenty feet above the ground.

No farther could Larry now advance with his helpless burden.

How would he dispose of it? The question was soon answered.

After swinging forcibly to and fro until he had gained sufficient momentum, he suddenly curved himself towards the bough he was clinging to, caught it between his ancles, and the next instant was dangling head downwards, and holding the child at the full stretch of his lank, bony arm towards those below.

The innocent was now easily taken from his grasp, and restored to its half-fainting mother, when it was found not to have sustained the slightest injury.

No one save Leaping Larry — a creature by his very infirmity rendered insensible to fear, and whose chief delight had always been to practice the most reckless feats of climbing and tumbling — could possibly have succeeded in snatching its prey from the devouring element of William Travers' abode but a few charred timbers.

Having seen his charge in safety, the idiot descended easily and swiftly amid the rejoicing crowd.

He waited not for congratulation, but shouting loudly, fled as if affrighted into the solitude of the neighboring woods where he remained in hiding until the following day.

On reappearing, his mental condition was found to be precisely what it had been before the exploit.

The rest of our story is soon told. From the first the fire was regarded as the work of an incendiary, and suspicion soon fell upon Mark Travers, whose threatening words to his brother on the previous day had been overheard by a passing neighbor. The luckless man would, undoubtedly, have been arrested, had he not, by receiving early warning, been able to effect his escape, shortly after which, through the kind offices of William himself. The question of his guilt or innocence was never brought to proof. He emigrated, and took refuge with his family in the far West, and nothing more was heard of him in the community of his birth.

William Travers' house was soon rebuilt, and in course of time he became a man of substance and standing.

Leaping Larry survived for many years indulged, cared for by all around him until age had subdued his rambling propensities, when he found a comfort his refuge beneath the roof of him whose offspring he had been as it seemed, inspired to save; and the story of his courage and self-devotion was often told.

TEETH.—The manufacture of teeth is a large industry. There are now twelve manufactories of artificial teeth, that produce every year 10,000,000 teeth, or one to every five persons in the United States. Half this number is made by one firm, founded in 1844. The total sales of teeth amount to $1,000,000 annually. The minerals used are feldspar, kaolin and rock crystal. The coloring is platinum, and gold. The feldspar and crystal are submitted to a red heat and thrown into cold water. They are then ground in water until fine enough to float. Combined with the coloring, they are subjected to intense furnace heat in moulds of brass, which are in two pieces, each moulding one-half of the tooth. The process is delicate, and has many interesting details. In the earliest history of the art dentists carved the teeth which their customers demanded, and apprentices were often [illegible] used in that way. The number of [illegible] used annually in the city [illegible] Lead was used from [illegible] to [illegible] dentists in New York who [illegible] gave, or say they gave, [illegible] pounds [illegible] Paris [illegible] advertise the use of diamond [illegible] and enamel plugs. The [illegible] of teeth is full of great variety in observing [illegible] and curious [illegible] This country makes [illegible] for the world, where dentistry is known. An ordinary outfit of instruments costs $[illegible].

THE TRUE WOMAN.—"I ain't feeling very well to day. My head aches, my liver is out of order, I've got the sciatica, my pulse is feeble, and I expect I'll die before night if I don't take care of myself." "And you won't go to the office [illegible], dearest?" [illegible] inquired [illegible]. "No," he answered, groaning, and looking very pale. "I'm so glad deary. You can lend [illegible] children, then, while I go shopping. And [illegible] up [illegible] put on [illegible] things, [illegible] enough, that only the true woman ever gives vent to.

A SCRAMBLING artist, employed by a patent printing [illegible] to paint a [illegible] with "Morgan's pure milk producer [illegible] on each cow.

MUSICAL LEGENDS.

THE horn of Roland is heroic and superb when the preux chevalier, in distress in the ravines of Roncesvaux, blows in it with such a furious blast that the blood spurts from his mouth and his temples split.

His cry of despair pierces the rocks; it is like a death-rattle cleaving the air; at a distance of thirty leagues it strikes the ear of Charlemagne, who feels the hero's soul passing in it. The horn of Oberon is more striking, comic, and fantastic as it is fitting that the instrument that the King of the Elves should be; all who hear it are obliged to dance. In Weiland's ballad, the chevalier Huon, surprised by the Calif at the feet of his daughter, the beautiful Rezza, is condemned to the stake together with his lady-love. But [illegible] when the [illegible] are [illegible] [illegible] his lips the magic horn of Oberon gave [illegible]. At the first blast the whole town is seized with [illegible] agas, imauns, muftis, [illegible] with their pointed bonnets, begin to turn furiously and form an immense [illegible] around the pyre.

In Norway, the genius Fossegrin teaches the violin, in the night of Holy Thursday, to any person who sacrifices to him a white goat and throws it into a cascade flowing northward, taking care to turn away his head. The genius then seizes the right hand of his pupil and moves it over the strings of the fiddle until the blood comes out under the nails. The apprentice is thenceforward a master, and his enchanted violin will make trees dance and stay rivers in their course.

The reader will remember the magic power of the flute in the legend of the piper of Hamelin, so charmingly related by Robert [illegible].

The drum, too, plays a great role in magical music. The drum of the Thessalian witches brought the moon down from the sky. The drum of the sorcerers of Lapland summons the soul out of the body, as out of a tent, and sends it promenading in strange lands on the winged feet of dreams.

According to the Christian tradition, bells exercise evil geniuses, who cordially detest them. A quaint German legend relates that a Kobold, furious at seeing a spire rising in the village where he lived, gave a letter to a peasant and begged him to place it in the poor-box of the church. The peasant examined the letter curiously as he went along, and suddenly noticed some drops of water fall from it. The letter gradually opened, and from it there fell first heavy rain and then cataracts, so that the peasant could scarcely save his life by swimming.

WHITE ELEPHANTS.—A subject may [illegible] the favor of either the King of Burmah or the King of Siam is to present him with a white elephant. But there is often doubt of the genuine thing. White crows, rats, mice, and hares are easily distinguishable, but it is different with a white elephant. He is not to be considered as snow-white; very far from it. All the white elephants now existing in Siam and Burmah are of a light mouse color, somewhat of the same tint as the pale freckles to be found on the trunks of ordinary elephants. This light gray is uniform all over, the spots on the trunk being white. The depth of the color, however, varies greatly, and there are often [illegible] in darker patches which would seem to ruin an otherwise eligible candidate's claim. It has been found necessary to determine some infallible test points, which will demonstrate the right of the animal to his title. The Burmese skilled men fix upon two of these tests as superior to all others. One is that the elephant shall have five toes instead of four. This is a [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] elephants debased by sin, laboring under the evil of previous existences, and therefore ineligible for the honors accorded to the real animal. The other test is considered perfectly decisive, no matter what the precise tint of the skin might be. It is this: If you pour water upon a "white" elephant he turns red, while a black elephant only becomes blacker than ever. This is the final test always resorted to.

NATURE'S UNDERTAKERS.—How often do we hear the query, "What becomes of all the dead birds?" The secret of their mysterious disappearance was but just now half told by the buzz of those brown wings and the other half is welcome to any one who will take the trouble to follow [illegible] and [illegible]. The [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

Our Young Folks.

SAVED BY HIS ENEMY.

BY PIPKIN.

ONLY two days to Christmas, with frost, snow, and hard freezing everywhere. Janie Grey, a small, blue-eyed girl of ten, stood in a shimmer of afternoon sunshine, on the steps at the old Mill House, where she lived with her grandfather, watching her brother Willie, the four Lesters, their neighbors, and others, trooping up from the mill-pond—where they had been skating—the red sunlight about them, like their own happy thoughts.

"There, that's Christmas fortune, isn't it?" cried Luke Lester, coming up, and tossing the two pieces of a broken skate into their midst, as they all halted at the Mill House door.

"And what will you do now?" asked somebody.

"He'll have to stand out of the game and watch the skating from afar," answered another, with a jeer.

Luke was no favorite with the lads; none of the Lesters were—poor unmanable fellows.

Indeed, the bitterness of an old quarrel lay between Will Grey and Luke, by reason of a race between their two miniature yachts on the river, in the autumn, in which Luke's won, and Willie's was wrecked, all, as the lads darkly hinted, through Luke's underhand scheming. Hence the bitterness.

"Well, he can't be always first and foremost and stand in the front," observed Willie Grey, jingling his new skates in his hand, which his grandfather had given him, a light flashing in his eyes.

"Ha! don't you crow so loudly, but look to your own concerns, or maybe I'll teach you a lesson," snarled Luke, looking very angrily towards the other.

"Touch me a lesson! you'd best try it on," returned Grey, in disdain.

"Let me tie your skate; I think I could with a piece of string," suggested Janie, the sunlight falling on her head the while like a bright crown.

"That's all a girl knows about it," growled Luke, rudely.

"Well, you might keep a civil tongue," snapped ready-tongued Willie; "but that's a thing you don't possess."

Luke threw down his other skate, and sprang forward.

"I'll take you down a notch before the holidays are over. I'll be even with you, Count Grey," he said.

That name, "Count Grey," was to young Willie like a match set to gunpowder, all the boys new.

"Then you own I'm a notch above you—I'll——"

"Now then, let's have no quarreling or fighting," said the eldest of the group pacifically; "so pick up your broken traps, Luke, and move along;" which Luke did, I know not what of mysterious ill-humored exultation in the glance which he favored Willie.

Of this, however, the boy took no notice, but hung up his skates on the porch when they were all gone, and went in with Janie.

Ah, well! to-morrow would be Christmas Eve.

All this bickering, bantering talk was forgotten by the lonely little brother and sister, twining holly and evergreens in the old dining-room before the blazing fire, their grandfather slumbering in his easy-chair in the parlor, all alone.

"Well, this is very strange! My skates are gone."

Willie's face was ruefully comical as he made this announcement to Janie the next morning, as she was dusting the parlor.

"Gone from where?"

"Gone from the porch, silly!" said petulant Willie.

"You must have mislaid them," returned his sister.

"I tell you I haven't," was the retort, and both went out into the porch to look round, as if that would enlighten them. Janie went here and there to try and make good her words; but no, they were not in the house.

"I told you so," said her brother; "and what's more, I know who's got them." Janie hearkened, in half-consciousness of what was coming.

"Luke Lester!" was the bold assertion. "I'm as sure of it as that;" and the boy laid one hand in the other with a thwack.

"No, not so sure of it as that," ventured less positive Janie.

"There you go contradicting, like a girl. I am sure, and that he'll know before long." He was swinging off out at the front door, but Janie called him back.

"Don't quarrel with Luke," she pleaded, "because quarreling at Christmas-time is so——"

"So what?" scoffed the boy, the morning sunshine on his face, as if wooing him to better things than this passion, making his brow so unlovely and dark.

"So wrong," said the gentle little maiden.

"Well, then, I won't go now; but I know he's got them, and in the afternoon I'll see if he hasn't," he promised somewhat sulkily, and wandered away, though Janie kept an eye upon him all the morning, like a fond little mother-sister, fearing she scarce knew what from a meeting between the two lads.

"Well, I'm determined to find out if that Luke has my skates," was Master Willie's remark after dinner, the gloom still on his brow.

"Let me go with you," said far-seeing Janie, who always tried to hover around him, like the little peacemaker that she was.

"Well, I don't care who comes; I'm going to the mill-pond, that's where I'm going," was the reply; and forthwith the little girl put on her hat and cloak, and went out, a dainty little sprite, by his side.

She was the elder of the two; her love surrounded him like a silent blessing.

If she went to the mill-pond, just across the meadow, where the Lesters were skating in the ruddy sunshine, she would, if she could, prevent strife on Christmas Eve, when all the world should be at peace.

Still, if Luke had taken the skates, it was very wrong of him, and some one ought to see about it, as he must have done it to amuse himself and to annoy Willie; so she mused, walking silently at her brother's side.

Ha! there was Luke, as brisk as either of his brothers, with somebody's skates on his feet.

"There, they're mine—they're new ones; I can see them glitter," so fumed Willie as they drew near, and Luke posed himself on one foot and spun round, as if in defiance.

"Oh! Willie, we're not sure," said his sister soothingly.

"I am sure, I say. Do the other skates glitter like his?" Now Janie could not say they did.

"They'll glitter into the water, all the lot of them, if they don't take care, for the ice'll give away, as a thaw is coming on," said a laboring man in passing, and hurried on.

"I wonder if he meant it?" said Janie.

"It's no concern of ours," returned Willie and his young brow grew gloomier as he spoke.

Janie knew what to advise. If she kept her brother here where they stood, there would be no quarreling; if they went near to warn them, then she felt sure evil would come of it.

And oh! the sunshine was so ruddy, flashing over the ice, the skaters, and the waiting earth, clothed in its festive robe of white; surely there could be no danger.

Perhaps the man did not know how thick the ice was on the mill-pond.

Janie was but ten, a simple little maiden, who would fain stand a peacemaker between her brother and the mean purloiner of his skates, enjoying them so unshrinkingly in their very faces, as if in bravado.

Willie, his face now gloomy indeed, said no more of confronting Duke, but watched the skaters flashing over the ice as on winged feet till sunset; then he and Janie left them, still gliding to and fro—grey figures which the last red sun-rays were kissing again and again.

A sweet, holy presence seemed to brood in the old Mill House; but no peace, no welcoming smile was on Willie's face as he and Janie sat again by the fire, twining the holly-wreaths, which must be hung up before they went to bed. "Peace on earth, good-will toward men;" these were the words Janie's skilful fingers had woven out for the dining-room fireplace.

As Willie held them up and read them, something pleaded and whispered to his heart the while, and that gentle presence seemed to draw very near indeed—what was it? Willie went out to the front door to hearken, while Janie put up the wreaths.

To hearken to what? Were they still skating on ice?

Something—it might have been the sting left by that dark thought of the afternoon—would not let him rest; a voice was whispering to him as from afar to cast out, and put away from him, that which, like a mist, was shutting out all Christmas joy, Christmas love, Christmas forgiveness, forbearing and bearing of injuries—because it was the birthday coming on of Him, the great Elder Brother, whose life was all love, all forgiveness, enduring of injuries, and still doing good, and if wrong had been done or even thought by him, to hasten to set it right while yet there was time.

He was not an ignorant boy, though motherless; he knew what Christmas meant, and what were the lessons it taught.

Ha! they were still there on the ice, and their laughter rang out to him on the evening air.

He went in, and helped Janie to finish putting up the holly, and then, when the house was quiet, and they all thought he had gone early to bed, he stole out to give the warning of the unsafe state of the ice to the merry skaters, as a first step in the right direction.

Yes, if not too late; for as he stepped out into darkness a scream rang out sharp and clear which thrilled him through, and all the ground under his feet was soft and yielding, the sky gloomy with clouds.

It was but a short distance, and he was there.

Bill and Fred Lester came scudding past him.

"What is it?" he asked, hearkening in his anguish for what he knew would be the answer.

"Luke has fallen through the ice; John is with him, and we are running for a rope."

Ah, children! was that dark thought of the afternoon about to become true?

Was Luke—his enemy—about to go down to darkness and death at Christmas-time, because he had not warned him in his cool, wicked resentment of wrong?

Ah! how trivial did that wrong now appear!

As in a nightmare, he rushed to the edge of the ice.

John was there, wringing his hands and crying—

"Hold on, Luke! hold on!" too much distracted to try to save him. And Luke wailed out—

"Oh, 'tis so hard to hold on to ice! I'm slipping!"

Ah! Willie, you took your life in your hand that night, and tried to undo, as it were, by a noble deed of daring that which had marred your coming Christmas-tide—that which, but for God's mercy, might have marred your life.

Gliding, gliding on hands and knees, he reached him; inch by inch he drew him back, a weary way; but he saved him, and when Bill and Fred returned with the rope, the work was done—the rescue achieved.

"Willie, here are your skates. I said I'd be even with you, but now I never shall," said Luke, when able to speak, putting them into the other's hand, and bursting into a fit of passionate weeping. And Willie whispered—

"All right, old fellow; forgive me in turn. 'Tis Christmas, when all debts are settled."

All debts settled and paid at Christmas! The brother and sister wept for very gladness at the thought, as they talked over the events of the day, its errors, and its peaceful ending, and lay down at last with the Christmas peace stealing through the holly wreaths their hands had twined.

And when, on the morrow, they walked to church together, the bells, chimed out nothing but peace—that grand old song of the angels, "Peace on earth, goodwill toward men." Once during service, when they were singing—

"Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled,"

Luke's eyes met Willie's, and Janie's met them both.

Ah, children! none but themselves knew what that glancing together meant—none but they and God—that it was a thrilling and knitting together of hearts, a laying down of wrong and strife, by what they had suffered, by what had been vouchsafed to them, and, most glorious of all, by the remembrance of that greatest love and forgiveness which the world ever knew since it first began.

IN LOVE'S WAY.

BY PERCY VERE.

GOOD-BYE, love; good-bye. We will write at every opportunity; and we will keep our faith to each other, come weal, come woe."

"Yes, love."

"And thou wilt wed me when I come back?"

"If I live dearest; and we must say nothing to my guardian; he likes no young men, nor any talk of lovers. He thinks me a child."

"Well, dearest, I will say nothing, though it seemeth to me plainer and more manly to speak out and tell my hope to him; but as thou wilt.'

"Thanks, Edwin," said the girl. "My guardian is a good man, but no longer young; and it cannot be expected he should sympathise with us. And I shall be of age when we meet again."

So spoke in the old days when English settlers first made their homes in America, a certain pair of young lovers, Master Edwin Ashburton and Mistress Alice Fairborn, in the garden of Master Hapwell's home, in the rich Virginian land, of which he had acquired no small estate.

Long ago—in her young lifetime—Mistress Alice's mother had died upon the stormy voyage from England; and a cruel red man had slain her father shortly after, and Master Hapwell was her guardian.

Since that day he had become a widower, and was now a man of fifty, prudent and careful, but not as old at heart as his young ward thought him.

"My fair love, those eyes shall see no sweeter face until they meet thine again," said the youth.

"Nor mine a braver than thine," said the girl.

And they kissed each other in the summer moonlight.

And young Ashburton mounted his horse and rode away, and Alice went into the house and away to her chamber.

And then from the covered walk, where the grapes grew purple in the sun, crept Master Gregory Hapwell, with clenched hands and curses on his lips.

"Come back to marry her!" he said. "He that boy! But here I swear before Heaven that I myself and no other shall be the husband of fair Mistress Alice."

The days glided by.

Mistress Alice waited for letters.

None came.

For messages—none were brought.

Master Ashburton had gone to India, and it was far away, and correspondence was not what it is to-day, or even what it was fifty years ago.

Yet after awhile terror possessed Alice; she believed that her lover must be dead; and she wept her dark eyes nearly blind and grieved herself to a shadow for him.

Meanwhile Master Hapwell was kind and fatherly, gave her a rare Indian shawl and a necklace of amber beads, and a fan of peacock's feathers from abroad.

And one day he said to her—

"Alice, child, a man has been here who has news from one we both held to be a friend; from young Edwin Ashburton, who went to India some while ago. Shall I call him in?"

"Ay, I prithee, guardian," said Alice; and trembling sank into a chair.

And a man entered—a man who looked down and picked the straw from his hat as he spoke.

"My man, what news have you of Master Ashburton?" said Master Hapwell. "Tell us, we would be glad to know."

"I come from India," said the man. "A sailor goes to many places; but thence last. And I saw a Master Edwin Ashburton there who came from America, and he bade me give his reverence and duty to Master Hapwell and his family. And all was well with him.

"And he was soon to marry a rich young widow—an Indian widow with a vast fortune. I saw her. She shimmered in the sun with jewels, and though she was as brown as a berry, I fancy that he was content."

"Here is something for thy news," said Master Hapwell, putting money in the fellow's hand, and he went his way.

And then Master Hapwell came, and knelt beside poor Alice.

"Thou didst love this fellow," he said; "thou so fair and sweet; and he will laugh at thy love with his Indian widow. And people will say that he has jilted thee. My little girl, let thy pride put it out of their power. Marry before he does. I will kiss the hand he throws away. Marry me. I am always good to thee am I not? It is to save thy pride I ask it. Though I have hidden my love for thee for years."

He had taken the right way.

Mistress Alice gave him her hand to kiss, and let him marry her when he chose.

There was a great wedding, and she was as lovely a bride as ever had been seen in the colonies, and afterwards a good wife to Master Hapwell, though never gay and merry.

And so ten years passed by, and at the end of that time Master Hapwell fell very ill.

His life was in danger, and his wife nursed him tenderly, and only left him for half-an-hour each day at sunset to breathe the air in the grape walk.

There one evening, as she walked slowly up and down, a man stood before her.

His dress was worn; his face was worn also; he was changed, but she knew him for Edwin Ashburton at a glance.

And she drew herself up coldly, and looked at him with disdain.

He also looked scornfully at her.

"So, I think you know me," he said. "You have thriven better than I. You made your nest well; not in a poor man's heart, but in a rich man's house."

"I married a man who had been kind to me," said she.

"Master Hapwell is old, and a man who heeds money; but at least he did not try to win a heart and then leave it. Was I to wait for one who wrote me never a letter? Of whom the first news I had was that he was wed to an East Indian widow?"

"Alice!" called Edwin, "I neither wooed nor married any woman. I wrote thee often. I sent thee gifts; and when ill fortune fell on me I hoped for thy sympathy, but news came that thou wert Master Hapwell's wife, and all that while no letter in answer to mine."

"What gifts didst thou send me?" asked Alice.

"A rare shawl, an amber necklace, and a fan of peacock's feathers, set with pearls," said Edwin.

And then Alice cried out—

"I had the gifts, but Master Hapwell said they were from himself."

And then the two spoke at length, and knew that Master Hapwell had hidden the letters, and bribed the sailor to lie and thus standing in love's way had afterwards parted them.

When Mistress Hapwell returned to her husband, a change for the worse had taken place.

He never spoke to her again.

He died and was buried.

But his lady wore no widow's weeds, and to the horror of the whole place she married Edwin Ashburton one month from the day of his funeral.

No one knew her story.

"I will say no ill of the dead," she said to her Edwin.

"Let them think ill of me. But for ten years—nay, eleven—we were sad because of his deed. We will be happy now, though the world think ill of us."

And so they seemed.

And they left the land together very soon leaving gossips to say what they pleased.

But later in her old age I think the woman told the story, for her descendants tell it still in the house that stands where the Hapwell mansion stood, and show her portrait on the wall and the fan of peacock feathers, set with pearls, that Master Ashburton sent to her from India.

CHINESE GIANTS.—The Chinese pretend to have men among them so prodigious as fifteen feet high. Melchior Nunez, in his letters from India, speaks of porters who guarded the gates of Pekin, who were of that immense height; and in a letter dated in 1555, he avers that the emperor of that country entertained and fed five hundred of such men for archers of his guard. Hakewill, in his "Apologie," 1627, repeats this story. Purchas, in his "Pilgrimes," 1625, refers to a man in China who "was cloathed with a tyger's skin, the hayre outward, his arms, head, and legges bare, with a rude pole in his hand; well-shaped, seeming ten foote or spane long; his hair hanging on his shoulders."

HEAVY SOD.—For turning under a heavy sod there is nothing to equal a pair of good oxen. They may be a little slow at the work, but it will be well done if they are managed by a good driver.

Wisconsin's anti-treating law is a failure.

IF YOUR THROAT FEELS SORE OR UNCOMFORTABLE, use promptly Dr. Jayne's Expectorant. It will relieve the air-passages of all phlegm or mucous, allay inflammation, and so give the affected parts a chance to heal. No safer remedy can be had for all Coughs and Colds or any complaint of the Throat or Lungs, and a brief trial will prove its efficacy.

Grains of Gold.

Inclination and interest determine the will.

It is much easier to settle a point than to act on it.

Idleness is the key of beggary and the root of all evil.

The heart is an astrologer that always divines the truth.

Troubles borrowed outnumber by far all others in the world.

One day is worth three to him who does everything in order.

Greatness lies not in being strong, but in the right using of strength.

On the neck of the young man sparkles no gem so gracious as enterprise.

Who would venture on the journey of life if compelled to begin at the end?

Circumstances are the rulers of the weak; they are but the instruments of the wise.

The moment a man is satisfied with himself, everybody else is dissatisfied with him.

Habits are soon assumed, but when we strive to strip them off; 'tis like being flayed alive.

Sweet is the breath of praise when given by those whose own high merit claims the praise they give.

No soul is desolate as long as there is a human being for whom it can feel trust and reverence.

Gossip is the patent sign of vulgarity of heart and mind. It is as thoroughly vulgar as curiosity.

Never think that God's delays are God's denials. Hold on; hold fast; hold out. Patience is genius.

In general there is no one with whom life drags so disagreeably as with him who tries to make it shorter.

It is a great gift of the gods to be born with a hatred and contempt for all injustice and meanness.

We are not that we are, nor do we treat or esteem each other for such, but for that we are capable of being.

Blessings are strewed like flowers in our pathway; it rests with us to gather them up carefully, or pass them by.

Do not use profanity, slang phrases, words of double meaning, or language that will bring the blush to any one.

He that once did you a kindness will be more ready to do you another than he whom you yourself have obliged.

It is only a poor sort of happiness that could ever come by caring very much about our own narrow pleasures.

Life does not count by years. Some suffer a lifetime in a day, and so grow old between the rising and setting of the sun.

Large rivers, great trees, wholesome plants, and wealthy persons are not created for themselves, but to be of service to others.

Do not carry on a conversation with another in company about matters which the general company knows nothing of. It is almost as impolite as to whisper.

Firmness, both in sufferance and exertion, is a character which I would wish to possess. I have always despised the whine of complaint and the cowardly, feeble resolve.

We can only have the highest happiness, such as goes along with being a great man, by having wide thoughts, and much feeling for the rest of the world as well as ourselves.

It is the little rivulet that glides through the meadow, and that runs along day and night by the farm-house, that is useful, rather than the swollen flood or the noisy cataract.

If there are two things not to be hidden—love and a cough, I say there is a third—and that is ignorance, when a man is once obliged to do something besides wagging his head.

If you mean to act nobly, and seek to know the best things God has put within reach of men, you must learn to fix your mind on that end, and not on what will happen to you because of it.

To be always intending to live a new life, but never to find time to set about it—this is as if a man should put off eating, drinking and sleeping from one day to another, till he is starved and destroyed.

You talk of substantial good—are faithfulness, love, and sweet, grateful memories no good? It is no good that we should keep our silent promises on which others build because they believe in our love and truth?

It is not ease, but effort—not facility, but difficulty, that makes men. There is perhaps no station in life in which difficulties have not to be encountered and overcome before any decided success can be achieved.

A man's usefulness in the Christian life depends far more on the kindness of his daily temper than on great and glorious deeds that shall attract the admiration of the world, and that shall send his name down to future times.

Cultivate the physical exclusively, and you have an athlete or a savage; the moral only, and you have an enthusiast or a maniac; the intellectual only, and you have a diseased oddity. It is only by wisely training all of them together that the complete man can be found.

Restoration of Appetite.

A physician writes in regard to one of his patients: "The effect of Compound Oxygen was to give him an appetite. Within three days of his first inhalation he was obliged to get his dinner two hours before the usual time." Our Treatise on Compound Oxygen, containing large reports and full information, sent free. Drs. STARKEY & PALEN, 1109 and 1111 Girard Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Femininities.

Advocates of improved husbandry—old maids.

Woman is man's best friend, especially when the man is a milliner.

An odd nickname.—A Manayunk man calls his wife Crystal, because she is always on the watch.

Professor Swing says that the novel "is the world's truth, with a beautiful woman walking through it."

President Taylor, of the Mormon Church, recently married his twenty-eighth wife, a buxom Massachusetts widow.

Mrs. Commodore Vanderbilt is probably the richest unmarried woman in the United States. She is 36, and has a round $1,000,000 for every year.

It is asserted that no man of the period has been more worshipped by woman than the pianist, Abbe Liszt. They bribe his servants for his old gloves and other articles of him.

An English statistician calculates that every man on an average speaks fifty-two volumes of 400 pages per annum, and that every woman yearly brings out 520 volumes of the same size in talk.

Mr. and Mrs. Spurgeon devoted the $30,000 presented to them at the recent anniversary of their wedding to the endowment of an orphanage for girls. They had already established one for boys.

The Marquis of Lorne has a high opinion of Canada as a matrimonial field for young women. He said not long ago that those happy maidens emigrating to that country "would get an offer of marriage about every day."

Mrs. Sherman, wife of General Sherman, has been elected President of the Tabernacle Society, an organization of Catholic ladies, which aims to provide for poor churches of that faith necessary altar ornaments and vestments.

They tell the story of a little boy, that, on being rebuked for his noisy conduct, in which his sister had some share, he declared that she ought be included in the scolding. "If I was boisterous," he said, "she was girlisterous."

A wag describes a teacher's institute as a place where the males go to look at the females, and the females to look at each other, while bits of learning are sandwiched in like the clove the young man goes out for between the acts.

The flowers most recently taken into decorative favor is the pumpkin blossom, whose bold yellow proves even more effective than the sunflower, as it can be used in larger single masses, and it also has the aid of the wayward vine, adapting it to uses for which the sunflower is impossible.

A fashion correspondent writes: "The Princess of Wales was once almost as tasteless in dress as her mother-in-law, but the visits of this charming lady to Paris has gradually developed a genuine taste, and she is almost as much of a sovereign dictator in dress as Eugenie was."

An English lady was heard disclaiming the other day against "the stupidity of these foreigners" at a Parisian hotel. "My dear," said her husband, reprovingly, "you forget that here we are foreigners." "What nonsense, Edward, replied his spouse. 'Of course they're foreigners, because were English."

A Berlin tragedian occasionally gave a pass to his landlady. She was sitting with her little girl in the pit of the theatre, when the heavy villain was about to stab the tragedian in the glazard. The child, seeing her friend's danger, started up and shrieked out: "Oh, please, don't kill him, or he won't give us any more tickets for the theatre!"

Liverpool has a Home for Governesses, which has been established for six years, and is now recognized as one of the most useful institutions in the city. Last year alone 174 governesses were received in the Home, 213 applications were made for governesses, resulting in 108 engagements, and 322 governesses entered their names in the registry.

"There are my three other daughters; you can take your pick; this is the best I can do," said an honest citizen of Scranton, the other day, to a young man who appeared at what he supposed was to be his own wedding just in time to see his beloved married to another man. The generous offer was accepted in the spirit in which it was made, and the youngest of the three remaining sisters was promptly chosen and married on the spot.

William P. Ridgeway, of San Francisco, fell in love with the Widow Forbes, and engaged to marry her. He was about seventy years of age, and had a valvular affection of the heart, besides being a sufferer from paralysis. His physician assured him that marriage would be speedily followed by death. Unwilling to take that risk, he broke his promise. These facts were presented in his defence to a suit for damages, but the jury did not deem them material, and gave the widow a verdict of $5,000.

A couple has just been married by a justice in Columbus, Ga., and were on their way out of the office, when a man snatched the shawl from the bride's back and ran away with it. A policeman gave chase successfully, and the purloiner being asked for an explanation, said that the shawl was a gift from him to the girl; that at the time of making the present he was a favored suitor, and that he did not propose to let her wear it on a bridal trip with another fellow.

Ernest Renan, the famous French writer, in his latest work, gives his opinions concerning lovely woman. "A beautiful woman expresses one phase of the Divine purpose, one of the ends of God, just as the man of genius expresses another, and she has an instinctive consciousness of the infinite treasure she bears in her person. Why forbid her, then, to make the most of the gift with which she is endowed—a gift that serves as a setting to the diamond that may have escaped her."

A number of years ago, a Baptist clergyman, named Clevinger, was one of the most popular men in two States. His house was built in such a manner that a large hall which ran through it was exactly on the State line between Kentucky and Tennessee, and whenever a runaway couple came to him to be married the obliging parson, on the first intimation of an approaching pursuit, would usher them across the hall into the State from which they had not come, and from which they could not be legally dragged by a relentless parent.

News Notes.

Vanderbilt's taxes are over $200,000 a year.

There are nine colored men in the Mississippi Legislature.

A Massachusetts man has put a cuspidore on castors, and is asking a patent for it.

Telelogue is the new word introduced to describe messages sent over the telephone.

Long lace strings for brides will be more fashionable on bonnets than ribbon-strings.

A pound of tea, sold in China for less than four cents, costs the consumer in London about fifty cents.

About 1,200 women are employed in the various post and telegraph offices in London and vicinity.

A young man of Seneca, Kansas, recently eloped with the girl his brother was to have married next day.

A little child at Swifton, Ark., supposed to be dead, was found alive when the coffin was brought.

Chicago has had only 104 real murders in three years, but fills in the crevices with 600 deadly assaults.

The disease known as "American pink-eye" is reported to be rapidly spreading among horses in Liverpool.

The late Ami Loring, of North Yarmouth, Me., left $2,300 to his children, and $35,000 to missionary societies.

General Grant pays one thousand dollars a year for his pew in Parson Newman's new church in New York.

Minnie Madden and Grace Crary, Illinois girls of 15 and 19 respectively, are making a tour of the West on bicycles.

The Catholic Bishop of Montreal has served a notice to quit, on all tenants of church property who sell liquor.

A play, in which a young lady's dress shall catch fire, and the fire shall be extinguished, is the authoress Ouida's latest.

An anti-beer drinking society has been formed in Denver. Over the entrance to their hall is inscribed: "Who enters here leaves hope behind."

General Mahone is the richest man in Virginia, and smokes dollar cigars; the Governor of the State is a poor man, and smokes "two for five."

There is said to be in Wyoming a solid bed of crystallized soda, containing 80,000,000 cubic feet of that very useful article in a chemically pure state.

A plan is on foot in Elmira, N. Y., to introduce a number of savings banks in the public schools, after the system now popular in France and Belgium.

A pedlar entered the yard of Isaac Brumfield, near Summit, Miss., one day last week, against the warning of Mrs. Brumfield. Savage dogs tore him to pieces.

Atlanta, Ga., boasts of a young, attractive and industrious cobbler of the female sex who both mends and constructs all kinds of shoes to the satisfaction of numerous customers.

At Point St. Charles, Canada, an eight-year-old boy died from the excessive use of liquor, and a coroner's jury gave a verdict of wilful murder against the persons who gave him the liquor.

Private Dalzell, of Ohio, hopes to see young Lincoln run for the Presidency in 1888, young Grant in 1892, young Garfield in 1900, and young Hayes in 1908, so as to get the benefit of "blood."

Some of the students of the Indiana College dressed up a gawky, long-haired comrade, as Oscar Wilde, accompanied him on a lecturing visit to Crawfordville, and dined with an esthetic villager.

A Paterson, N. J., youth, to abate a nuisance, dressed as a young woman, accepted the escort of a pertinacious loafer, and, getting him into a lonely place, gave the coward a good sound thrashing.

Connecticut has over eleven thousand more females than males. In the smallest towns in the State the rule generally is that the men exceed the women in numbers. The cities show a surplus of women.

Among the property exempt from taxation in New York is that of the church, amounting to $55,000,000; the school, college and library $60,000,000; and the property of the United States, worth about $15,000,000.

Many of the people of Salisbury township, Lehigh county, are possessed of the idea that a very pretty young girl in their midst is a witch, and they are nailing up horse-shoes to protect themselves from her wiles.

The Montreal Police Board has formally asked the city papers to avoid giving the names of the policemen concerned in their police news, on the ground that these persons seeing their names in print are unduly swollen with pride.

At Hatfield House, the residence of the Marquis of Salisbury, lately, a laborer who was assisting in laying a telephone wire, slipped from a wall, and in falling caught hold of a wire used in connection with the electric lights, which are in use in the house, and was instantly killed.

Duty to Others.

CHAMBERSBURG, July 2, 1875.

This is to let the people know that I, Anna Maria Krider, wife of Tobias Krider, am now past seventy-four years of age. My health has been very bad for some years past. I was troubled with weakness, bad cough, dyspepsia, great debility and constipation of the bowels. I was so miserable I could hardly eat anything. I heard of Hop Bitters, and was resolved to try them. I have only used three bottles, and I feel wonderfully good, well and strong again. My bowels are regular, my appetite good, and cough all gone. I feel so well that I think it my duty to let the people know, as so many knew how bad I was, what the medicine had done for me, so they can cure themselves with it. ANNA M. KRIDER,

Wife of Tobias Krider.

HEALTH IS WEALTH.

HEALTH OF BODY IS WEALTH OF MIND.

RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.

Pure blood makes sound flesh, strong bone and a clear skin. If you would have your flesh firm, your bones sound without caries, and your complexion fair use **RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.**

A remedy composed of ingredients of extraordinary medical properties essential to purify, heal, repair and invigorate the broken-down and wasted body—QUICK, PLEASANT, SAFE and PERMANENT in its treatment and cure.

No matter by what name the complaint may be designated, whether it be Scrofula, Consumption, Syphilis, Ulcers, Sores, Tumors, Boils, Erysipelas, or Salt Rheum, diseases of the Lungs, Kidneys, Bladder, Womb, Skin, Liver, Stomach, or Bowels, either chronic, or constitutional, the virus of the disease is in the BLOOD which supplies the waste, and builds and repairs these organs and wasted tissues of the system. If the blood is unhealthy, the process of repair must be unsound.

The Sarsaparillian Resolvent not only is a compensating remedy, but secures the harmonious action of each of the organs. It establishes throughout the entire system functional harmony, and supplies the blood vessels with a pure and healthy current of new life. The skin, after a few days use of the Sarsaparillian becomes clear, and beautiful. Pimples, Blotches, Black Spots, and Skin Eruptions are removed; Sores and Ulcers soon cured. Persons suffering from Scrofula, Eruptive Diseases of the Eyes, Mouth, Ears, Legs, Throat and Glands that have accumulated and spread, either from unCured diseases or mercury, or from the use of Corrosive Sublimate, may rely upon a cure if the Sarsaparillian is continued a sufficient time to make its impression on the system.

One bottle contains more of the active principles of medicines than any other preparation. Taken in Teaspoonful Doses, while others require five or six times as much. **One Dollar Per Bottle.**

R. R. R.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

THE CHEAPEST AND BEST MEDICINE FOR FAMILY USE IN THE WORLD.

ONE 50 CENT BOTTLE

WILL CURE MORE COMPLAINTS AND PREPARE THE SYSTEM AGAINST SUDDEN ATTACKS OF EPIDEMICS AND CONTAGIOUS DISEASES THAN ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS EXPENDED FOR OTHER MEDICINES OR MEDICAL ATTENDANCE.

THE MOMENT RADWAY'S READY RELIEF IS APPLIED EXTERNALLY—OR TAKEN INTERNALLY, ACCORDING TO DIRECTIONS—PAIN, FROM WHATEVER CAUSE, CEASES TO EXIST.

In all cases where pain or discomfort is experienced, or if seized with Influenza, Diphtheria, Sore Throat, Mumps, Bad Coughs, Hoarseness, Bilious Colic, Inflammation of the Bowels, Stomach, Lungs, Liver, Kidneys, or with Cramp, Quinsy, Fever and Ague, or with Neuralgia, Headache, Tic Doloreux, Toothache, Earache, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, or with Lumbago, Pain in the Back or Rheumatism, or with Diarrhœa, Cholera Morbus, or Dysentery, or with Burns, Scalds or Bruises, Chilblains, Frost Bites, or with Strains, Cramps or Spasms, the application of RADWAY'S READY RELIEF will cure you of the worst of these complaints in a few hours.

RADWAY'S REGULATING PILLS.

Perfect Purgative, Soothing Aperient, Act Without Pain, Always Reliable, and Natural in Their Operations.

A VEGETABLE SUBSTITUTE FOR CALOMEL.

Perfectly Tasteless, elegantly coated with sweet gum, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse, and strengthen. RADWAY'S PILLS for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. Warranted to effect a perfect cure. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals or deleterious drugs.

☞ Observe the following symptoms resulting from Diseases of the Digestive Organs: Constipation, Inward Piles, Fulness of the Blood in the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust of Food, Fulness or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a lying posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Fever and Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Chest, Limbs, and Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system of all the above-named disorders.

Price, 25 Cents Per Box.

We repeat that the reader must consult our books and papers on the subject of diseases and their cure, among which may be named:

"False and True."
"Radway on Irritable Urethra."
"Radway on Scrofula."

and others relating to different classes of Diseases.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

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☞ Information worth thousands will be sent to you.

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There can be no better guarantee of the value of DR. RADWAY'S old established R. R. R. REMEDIES than the base and worthless imitations of them, as there are False Resolvents, Reliefs and Pills. Be sure and ask for Radway's, and see that the name "Radway" is on what you buy.

NERVOUS DEBILITY

Vital Weakness and Prostration, from overwork or indiscretion, is radically and promptly cured by

HUMPHREYS' HOMEOPATHIC SPECIFIC No. 28.

Been in use 20 years, and is the most successful remedy known. Price $1 per vial, or 5 vials and large vial of powder for $5, sent post free on receipt of price.

Humphreys' Homeopathic Medicine Co.,
109 Fulton Street, New York

THE **DIAMOND DYES.**

ONLY 10 CENTS FOR ANY COLOR

are the Simplest, Cheapest, Strongest and most Brilliant Dyes ever made. One 10 cent package will color more goods than any 15 or 25 ct. dye ever sold. 24 popular colors. Any one can color any fabric or fancy article. Send for any color wanted and be convinced. Set of fancy cards, samples of ink and 1 p'k'g. dye, all mailed for 10 cents.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Burlington, Vt.

New Publications.

"The Temple Rebuilt," by Frederick R. Abbe. A new edition of this poem, re-written, enlarged and re-arranged, has been brought out in obedience to a demand on the part of the public, and will be found by those who now read it for the first time a work of high praise and rare ability. The poem involves the story of primal innocence, the fall of the soul, its restoration through Divine grace, and final salvation. By the "temple" the author typifies the soul of man; it is cast into ruins by sin; the new foundation is the plan of salvation as laid down by Christ; the builders are the Christian virtues and graces; the implements are prayer and good works; and through these the edifice again arises in its pristine purity and beauty. The volume is handsomely printed on good paper and bound in cloth. D. Lathrop & Co., Publishers, Boston. Price, $1.25.

Under the heading of "American Health Primers," Blackston & Son are publishing a series of remarkably able works on matters of general and personal interest. The latest issued is "Our Homes," by Professor Hartshorne. It treats in a simple, comprehensive and practical manner of the various questions that enter into the selection of locality, construction, ventilation, drainage, and other questions bearing on happiness and health. In paper and cloth 30 and 50 cents respectively. 1012 Walnut st., Philadelphia.

William S. Gottsberger, New York, publishes "The Burgomaster's Wife," an attractive romance, translated by Mary J. Safford from the German of Georg Ebers. It is for sale by Porter & Coates, Philadelphia, Pa.

"Monsieur Le Ministre," by Jules Claretie, just published, is a most extraordinary book, and will without doubt be as widely known here as in Paris, where it is said to be a pen and ink portrait of a Prime Minister of France, and where it has already passed through forty editions. Its merit is due not only to the extreme interest of its plot, but to its dramatic situation, its charm of style, and to its clear delineations of character, each individual being the type of a class. T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, Pa. Price 75 cents.

MAGAZINES.

The Century Monthly for March is rich in both its art and literary features. It opens with a frontispiece portrait of Mr. W. D. Howells, who is the subject of a readable and and appreciative essay by Thomas Sargent Perry. The illustrated papers are: "From Morelia to Mexico City on Horseback," by Mrs. Mary Hallock Foote; "A Ramble in Old Philadelphia," by Miss Elizabeth Robins and Charles G. Leland. "Opera in New York," by Richard Grant White; "The Black Bear," by Charles C. Ward, an experienced bear-hunter; "The Danish Skate-sail," by T. F. Hammer; and New York Union League Club decorations. Among the other papers are: "Broken Banks and Lax Directors," by John Burroughs; "Has Utah a Republican Form of Government?" by A. G. Campbell, the anti-Mormon contesting delegate; "The Copyright Negotiations," by A. G. Sedgwick; and a study of Lord Beaconsfield, by Professor James Bryce. The serials of Mr. Howells and Mrs. Burnett are continued. The lovers of poetry are well provided for. The editorial and other departments are well supplied. Bric-a-brac containing a variety of sparkling verse.

The contents of *St. Nicholas* for March, 1882, are Titian's Portrait of Himself; The Snow-filled Nest, poem; Hard to Hit, The History, verses, illustrated; The Three Gifts, five illustrations; A Question of Color, A Queer Barber Shop, picture; The Hoosier Schoolboy, serial; Out of Bounds, Men-and-Animal Shows, and How They are Moved About, concluded; The Pretty Puritan, illustration; Donald and Dorothy, How it Happened, five illustrations; Pussy and the Chipmunk, Recollections of a Drummer-boy, The Children's Country, illustrated; Thin Jon, three illustrations; Rambling the Hen, Stories of Art and Artists, seventh paper; St. Nicholas Treasure-box of Literature, Jack-in-the-Pulpit, illustrated, and the other regular departments, all of which are up to the mark, which is saying everything that can be said. The Century Co., New York.

Lippincott's Magazine for March opens with a second paper on the Gulf Coast, by Barton D. Jones, finely illustrated. S. H. M. Byers sketches a graphic picture of the war-times in The Burning of Columbia. An article on Some Curious Superstitions is interesting. George H. Pierce comments on Manners, Foreign and Domestic, in a satirical vein. There are some capital stories in College Eating Clubs, by Henry A. Beers; Washington on the French Stage, recounts the attempts made by French dramatists to utilize incidents in the American Revolution. The fiction comprises Stephen Guthrie, a powerful serial, and several short stories. The poets of the number are W. H. Howells and Henrietta R. Elliott. The Monthly Gossip and Literary Notices complete a varied list of contents, which includes nothing that is not readable and entertaining.

MUSIC.

Lovers of good music will find in Nunesville's *Musical Journal* a choice selection of beautiful pieces. The February number contains: Diamonds and Dew Drops, polka; Young Life Galop, instrumental; Tell Me That You'll Not Forget Me, vocal; May Morning, vocal; Wedding March, instrumental, by Mendelssohn; Were I a Violet, vocal, by Franz Abt. All for 10 cents.

"Presenting the Bride" Heard From.

Roxbury, Mass., Feb. 11, '82.

Editor Post—The premium picture, "Presenting the Bride," received in good condition, and I consider it a fine piece of art work.

MRS. C. E. CLARK.

Stillwater, Minn, Feb. 11, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—The picture, "Presenting the Bride," has come to hand, and in good condition. I am more than pleased with it; it is very beautiful.

JAMES E. JACKENAN.

Millbrook, N. Y., Feb. 6, '82.

Editor Post—I have received premium, "Presenting the Bride." It far surpasses my most sanguine expectations.

SARAH H. SWIFT.

Mills Point, Mo., Feb. 10, '82.

Editor Post—Have received my picture, "Presenting the Bride," and was surprised at its marvelous beauty. Your engraving in THE POST some time since gave a very slight idea of the original picture.

W. E. FREEMAN.

Patrick, Va., Feb. 20, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—Your magnificent premium picture, "Presenting the Bride," at hand, and it certainly is all you represent it. It pleased me greatly. Will do all I can in getting you more subscribers.

S. L. MOORE.

Dayton, O., Feb. 17, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—Your premium picture, "Presenting the Bride," was duly received, and it is all, and more, than I expected. It is, indeed, beautiful. I may be able to get you some new subscribers, as it takes greatly around here.

KATIE J. KLINE.

Variana, Va., Feb. 19, '82.

Editors Post—I received my premium for The Post, for which accept thanks. It is a very handsome picture. I will show it to my friends, and endeavor to get you some subscribers.

MRS. B. F. GONDER.

Elizabethtown, N. Y., Feb. 15, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—I received the beautiful picture, "Presenting the Bride," in due time, and it is much prettier than I expected. Indeed I did not suppose you could furnish anything so nice for ten times the amount paid for both paper and picture.

EUPHEMIA R. CUNNINGHAM.

Wheaton, O., Feb. 21, '82.

Editor Post—I received my premium last night, and think it very beautiful—truly magnificent. Please accept my thanks for same. Will do all I can to get you subscribers. I don't see how any one can fail to take such an excellent paper, with such a handsome premium. This part of the country is flooded with canvassers for all kinds of papers and periodicals, but yours certainly leads them all.

E. JACKSON.

Augusta, Me., Feb. 10, 82.

Editor Post—I received the picture, "Presenting the Bride," in due time, and all who have seen it are well pleased with it.

J. W. PATTERSON.

Lenoirs, Tenn., Feb. 22, '82.

Editor Post—Your premium, "Presenting the Bride," is indeed a beautiful gift of art, and cannot fail to please the most fastidious. It will be appreciated wherever introduced.

SARAH SPEAR.

Tipton, Mich., Feb. 21, '82.

Editor Post—Your premium, "Presenting the Bride," came to hand all right. It is superb!

ALLAN SLATER.

Grenada, Miss., Feb. 21, '82.

Editor Post—I received my Photo-Oleograph, "Presenting the Bride," and think it very beautiful. We are all well pleased with it.

N. B. SMITH.

Alpharetta, Ga., Feb. 9, '82.

Editor Post—"Presenting the Bride" was delivered to me yesterday, and am highly pleased with it. Will help you all I can in getting subscribers for your excellent paper.

Constantine, Mich., Feb. 9, '82.

Editor Post—I received your premium picture yesterday, and am very much pleased with it. It is by far the finest picture I ever saw for a premium.

MRS. E. G. ROWLEY.

Tallahassee, Fla., Feb. 15, '82.

Editor Post—The picture premium, "Presenting the Bride," received. It is beautiful, and I am very much pleased with it. I have shown it to a great many of my friends, and all think it is lovely. Am very much obliged to you for such a beautiful gift.

MARY WHISTLER.

New York, Feb. 20, '82.

Editor Post—Premium received, and consider it simply elegant. And your paper is what I consider first-class in every respect.

C. VAN VOSTRAND.

Waskom, Tex., Feb. 21, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—Paper and premium received. THE POST is my ideal of a literary journal. The premium is very pretty, indeed, and all you claim for it. Will show it to my friends, and fully expect to get you a good list of subscribers.

MRS. HANNAH A. WILKINSON.

Rohnerville, Cal., Feb. 15.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—My beautiful premium Photo-Oleograph, "Presenting the Bride," came duly to hand, and it is even better than you represented it to be.

A. WILLIS.

Humorous.

An election return—Brought home drunk.

The lamp-lighter has bright prospects before him.

The sculptor is the man who "cuts a pretty figure."

Judge Black has just made his first visit to Chicago. Up to this time he has led an exemplary life, however.

Mark Twain reports that he attended an exhibition of the power of nitro-glycerine, and his first impression was that his mother-in-law was arguing with him.

A contemporary prints an able article on "How to Go to Sleep." It is the most convincing article we ever read on the subject. We were sound asleep before we read it half through.

A California astronomer claimed to have discovered seven comets in a bunch the other evening, but he was just from the States, and had not yet become fully accustomed to the coast brand of whisky.

Arkansas papers mitigate the crime of a man who committed suicide there last week, by saying it was his first offence. Very likely he had not been long in the State, or he would have made the attempt sooner.

Fat men are always the very essence of good nature. Nine out of ten will only laugh when you accidentally poke them in the stomach with your umbrella, and the tenth will beg your pardon for being so big.

Kidney Complaints

of all descriptions are relieved at once, and speedily cured by Kidney-Wort. It seems intended by Nature for the cure of all diseases of the kidneys caused by weakness and debility. Its great tonic powers are especially directed to the removal of this class of diseases. We know of persons that have suffered for thirty years that have been permanently cured by taking Kidney-Wort a short time. Try it either liquid or dry.—Sun.

Consumption Cured.

Since 1870 Dr. Sherar has each year sent from this office the means of relief and cure to thousands afflicted with disease. The correspondence necessitated by this work becoming too heavy for him, I came to his aid. He now feels constrained to relinquish it entirely, and has placed in my hands the formula of that simple vegetable remedy discovered by an East Indian missionary, and found so effective for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Diseases; also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous complaints. Its remarkable curative powers have been proven in many thousand cases, and, actuated by the desire to relieve suffering humanity, I gladly assume the duty of making it known to others. Address me, with stamp, naming this paper, and I will mail you, free of charge, the recipe of this wonderful remedy, with full directions for its preparation and use, printed in German, French or English. W. A. NOYES, *149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

Worth Sending For.

Dr. J. H. Schenck, of this city, has just published a book on "Diseases of the Lungs and How They Can be Cured," which he offers to send free, postpaid, to all applicants. It contains valuable information for all who suppose themselves afflicted with, or liable to, any disease of the throat or lungs. Address Dr. J. H. SCHENCK & SON, 628 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa. Mention this paper.

Important.

When you visit or leave New York City, save Baggage Expressage and Carriage Hire, stop at GRAND UNION HOTEL, opposite Grand Central Depot. 600 elegant rooms, fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, reduced to $1 and upwards per day. European Plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse-cars, stages, and elevated railroads to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

Old Gold Bought.—Silver and Platinum of all kinds. Full value paid. J. L. Clark, Reliable Refiner of all Residues containing gold or silver. 822 Filbert St., Philadelphia, Pa. Send by mail or express. Mention THE POST.

☞ When our readers answer any Advertisement found in these columns they will confer a favor on the Publisher and the advertiser by naming the Saturday Evening Post.

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STOMACH
BITTERS

Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is the great household medicine of the American people, and is taken everywhere as a safeguard against epidemics, and endemics, as a remedy for dyspepsia, biliousness, and irregularities of the bowels, as a cure for chills and fever and rheumatic ailments, as a sedative in nervous cases, and as a general invigorant and restorative.

For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

200 Articles, all different, for $1 bill, if ordered in Oxide of 10 days. Chas. J. Badlong, Amaway, N. J.

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Woman can Sympathize with Woman. Health of Woman is the Hope of the Race.

Yours for Health
Lydia E. Pinkham

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S
VEGETABLE COMPOUND.

Is a Positive Cure

for all those Painful Complaints and Weaknesses so common to our best female population.

It will cure entirely the worst form of Female Complaints, all ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements, and the consequent Spinal Weakness, and is particularly adapted to the Change of Life.

It will dissolve and expel tumors from the uterus in an early stage of development. The tendency to cancerous humors there is checked very speedily by its use.

It removes faintness, flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves weakness of the stomach. It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion.

That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use.

It will at all times and under all circumstances act in harmony with the laws that govern the female system.

For the cure of Kidney Complaints of either sex this Compound is unsurpassed.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND is prepared at 233 and 235 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Price $1. Six bottles for $5. Sent by mail in the form of pills, also in the form of lozenges, on receipt of price, $1 per box for either. Mrs. Pinkham freely answers all letters of inquiry. Send for pamphlet. Address as above. *Mention this Paper.*

No family should be without LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S LIVER PILLS. They cure constipation, biliousness, and torpidity of the liver. 25 cents per box.

☞ Sold by all Druggists. ☜

Warner Brothers
CORALINE CORSETS.

The great superiority of Coraline over horn or whalebone has induced us to use it in all our leading Corsets.

$10 REWARD

will be paid for any Corset in which the Coraline breaks with six months' ordinary wear. Price by mail, W. B. (coutil), $2.50; Abdominal, $2; Health or Nursing, $1.50; Coraline or Flexible Hip $1.25; Misses', $1.00.

For sale by leading merchants. Beware of worthless imitations bound with cord.

WARNER BROS., 372 Broadway, N. Y.

KIDNEY-WORT
THE GREAT CURE
FOR
RHEUMATISM
As it is for all diseases of the KIDNEYS, LIVER AND BOWELS.
It cleanses the system of the acrid poison that causes the dreadful suffering which only the victims of Rheumatism can realize.
THOUSANDS OF CASES
of the worst forms of this terrible disease have been quickly relieved, in a short time,
PERFECTLY CURED.
PRICE, $1. LIQUID OR DRY, SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.
WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO.,
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KIDNEY-WORT

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Showing up the New York of to-day, with its palaces, its crowded thoroughfares, its rushing elevated trains, its countless sights, its romance, its mystery, its dark crimes and terrible tragedies, its charities, and, in fact, every phase of life in the great city. Don't waste time selling slow books, but send for circulars giving full table of contents, terms to agents, etc. Prospectus now ready, and territory in great demand. Address DOUGLAS BROS.,
23 North Seventh St., Philadelphia, Pa.
Mention this paper.

Free! Cards! Free!

We will send free by mail a sample set of our German, French, English and American fancy cards, with a price list of over a hundred different designs on receipt of a stamp for postage. They are not advertising cards, but large fine picture chromo cards, on gold, silver and tinted grounds, forming the finest collection in the world. We will also enclose a confidential price list of our large and small chromos. Address F. GLEASON & CO., 46 Summer St., Boston, Mass.

Agents wanted. $5 a Day made selling our NEW HOUSEHOLD ARTICLES and FAMILY SCALE. Weighs up to 15 lbs. Sells at $1.50. Parsons Scale Co., Clyde, O.

The Horse-Shoers' Companion.

Instructions on making and fitting shoes, preparing the feet, stabling and care of feet. A book of practical use. Price, 50 cents. Send stamps taken. Address Isaac A. Cavanagh, Ocean, Allegany Co., Maryland.

Facetiæ.

Makes headway—The goat.

A novelty in bonnets—A cheap one.

Life is not really lived that cannot be enjoyed. The nerves must work harmoniously or there cannot be happiness. In Dr. Benson's Celery and Chamomile Pills, the nervous lady finds certain relief. They cure indigestion, flatulence and neuralgia.

Domestic pets—The cook's tantrums.

A little girl went timidly into a store the other day, and asked the shopman how many shoestrings she could get for a penny. "How long do you want them?" he inquired. "I want 'em to keep," was the answer, in a tone of slight surprise.

Father is Getting Well.

My daughters say, "How much better father is since he used Hop Bitters. He is getting well after his long suffering from a disease declared incurable, and we are so glad that he used your Bitters."—A lady of Rochester, N. Y.

Shakspeare modernized: The good die young. The bad live to lie about the weather, and are spoken of as the oldest inhabitants.

Let the poor sufferers from female complaints take courage, and rejoice that a painless remedy has been found. We refer to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It is procured at 233 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Send to Mrs. Pinkham for pamphlets.

An exchange remarks that no man can afford to make a fool of himself. Our contemporary forgets, however, that some men are utterly reckless of expense.

"Rough on Rats."—Ask druggists for it. Clears out rats, mice, roaches, bed-bugs, skunks. 15 cts.

"Pa, why do you call 'em high schools?" "It's because we pay so much for them, my son. You will understand these things better when you get to be a taxpayer."

"Buchupaiba."—Quick, complete cure, all annoying Kidney Diseases $1. at Druggists.

"Nothing," we are told, "is so wholesome as a little interchange of the small coin of benevolence." Then most people ought to be mighty healthy, for they seldom drop more than five cents into the plate at one time.

Skinny Men.—"Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures Dyspepsia. $1.

A young man who thought he looked like the Emperor Napoleon I. asked one of his friends what he thought about it. "Look like him? You look ten times more like him than he ever did, even in his best days."

"Shan't I Take a Blue Pill?"

No, don't take it, and run the risk of mercurial poisons, but when bilious and constipated, get a package of the celebrated Kidney-Wort, and it will speedily cure you. It is Nature's great remedy for constipation, and for all kidney and liver diseases. It acts promptly on these great organs, and so restores health, strength and vigor. It is put up in liquid and dry form, both acting with equal efficiency. Price $1. See advertisements.

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We give above a correct likeness of this well-known and successful physician and surgeon, who has made a life long study of Nervous Diseases and the Diseases of the Skin, and he now stands in the highest rank, as authority on these special and distressing diseases. In the course of his practice he discovered what now are renowned in medical practice, viz: a combination of Celery and Chamomile in the shape of Pills. They are used by the profession at large, and constantly recommended by them.

It is not a patent medicine. It is the result of his own experience in practice. They are a sure cure for the following special diseases, and are worthy of a trial by all intelligent sufferers. They are prepared expressly to cure sick headache, nervous headache, dyspeptic headache, neuralgia, paralysis, sleeplessness, dyspepsia and nervousness, and will cure any case.

Sold by all druggists. Price, 50 cents a box. Depot, 106 North Eutaw St., Baltimore, Md. By mail, two boxes for $1.00, or six boxes for $2.50, to any address.

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SKIN CURE

DR. BENSON'S NEW REMEDY — PHYSICIAN'S PRESCRIPTION

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ECZEMA, TETTERS, HUMORS, INFLAMMATION, MILK CRUST, ALL ROUGH SCALY ERUPTIONS, DISEASES OF HAIR AND SCALP, SCROFULA ULCERS, PIMPLES and TENDER ITCHINGS on all parts of the body. It makes the skin white, soft and smooth; removes tan and freckles, and is the BEST toilet dressing in THE WORLD. Elegantly put up, two bottles in one package, consisting of both internal and external treatment.

All first class druggists have it. Price $1. per package.

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KIDNEY DISEASES.

Does a lame back or disordered urine indicate that you are a victim? THEN DO NOT HESITATE; use Kidney-Wort at once, (every druggist will recommend it) and it will speedily overcome the disease and restore healthy action.

Incontinence or retention of Urine, brick dust or ropy deposits, and dull dragging pains all speedily yield to its curative power.

PRICE $1, SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

ACTS AT THE SAME TIME ON KIDNEYS, LIVER and BOWELS.

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I CURE FITS!

When I say cure, I do not mean merely to stop them for a time, and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of

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a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed, is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and I will cure you. Address

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Remember, we will send all the above books by mail, post-paid, upon receipt of only *Twenty-five* cents in postage stamps. Remember also that these books are nearly double the size of those formerly advertised, and much handsomer in typography and execution, while the price remains the same. Was there ever such a chance for getting so much *for so little money before?* Twenty-five cents invested in these books now will furnish enjoyment for the whole family for months to come, to say nothing of the valuable information you will derive from them. *Just think of it*—ten valuable Books for 25 Cents! *Don't miss the chance! Send for them,* and if you can conscientiously say that you are not perfectly satisfied, we will refund your money and make you a present of them! Not less than the entire list of ten will be sent. **For $1.00 we will send Five Sets** of the ten books; therefore by showing this advertisement and getting four of your neighbors to buy one set each, you can get your own books free. As to our reliability, we refer to any newspaper publisher in New York, and to the Commercial Agencies, as we have been long established and well-known. Address,

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The imitations are called Diamante Brilliants, they are perfect gems, and all set in SOLID GOLD. They are mounted, wear and look like genuine diamonds. The best judges fail to detect the imitation from the real; they are produced chemically—are worn in the best society and are really the only perfect substitute ever produced, as they possess all the purity, brilliancy and penetrating lustre peculiar to *old mine diamonds of the first water.* We are sending out hundreds of these daily, and could fill a volume with the unsolicited expressions of surprise and delight of recipients, from Maine to California. The illustrations below give an accurate outline of the style of setting the

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We don't sell Diamante Brilliants, but use them as a Premium for the Post. We are ambitious to secure the largest subscription list in the country; and we propose to work for it, spend money for it, and use every honorable means to attain our object. With such expenditure previous to our receipt of the first year's subscriptions; and if we fail to do all we promise and give a premium, which does not meet or exceed the expectations of our readers, our work is thrown away, and most *your* we can't expect to find you a member of the Post family.

We have studied the premium problem thoroughly, and we offer our **Diamante Brilliant Premiums,** confidently believing that subscribers who receive them will not rest until they get others, but continue our patrons for many years. The new diamonds *cost* more money and are *worth* more than any premium ever offered before, for every subscriber is really getting

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Our Offer.—On receipt of these dollars we agree to send *The Saturday Evening Post* one year—52 issues, and any one of the **Diamante Brilliants.**

We warrant them to be solid gold (neither rolled gold nor plated), and guarantee their prompt and safe delivery. A club of two subscribers to The Post, one year, accompanied by $3, entitles the sender to either the Ring, Stud, or Earrings, Free. A club of three, one year, and $5, entitles the sender to any two of the three premiums, free. A club of four, one year, and $6, entitles the sender to the Ring, Stud, and Earrings, Free; or, for $6, we will extend your subscription two years, and send either Ring, Stud, or Earrings as a premium, free. For $8, will extend subscription three years, and forward any two of the articles as a premium. For $8, will extend subscription four years, and send all three premiums, free. Club subscribers receive any one premium by sending $4 instead of $3. All premiums sent by registered mail. Postage on paper and premiums pre-paid in every case. Note.—*If the premiums are not as represented in every particular,* return them at once, and we will refund your money promptly. The Premiums may be sent to one address and the paper to another.

"TIME TRIES ALL THINGS."—The Post is not an experiment; it is the oldest literary and family paper in America, now in its ninety-first year, and the offer stands out and is surrounded with the unsetting precision of time and truth to-day. It is a large sixteen-page weekly, expressly prepared, folded, cut, and bound. Its fiction is of the highest order—the very best thought of the best writers of Europe and America. It covers the whole field of a first-class family paper; has Fashion, Needlework, Floretta Chat, Answers to Inquiries, Scientific News, and other departments, Sketches, Narratives, etc. Each volume contains twenty-six Serials, from the press of the best living authors, and upwards of five hundred short stories, and furnishes an amount of strictly first-class reading matter, alike interesting to every member of the home circle, which can be obtained nowhere else at $3 a year. The Post is the cheapest paper in existence, it has never advanced in price, and as to our reliability refer to any bank, express office or reputable firm in Philadelphia.

In ordering state which of the premiums is desired. Size of finger may be obtained by cutting a hole the proper size in stiff paper or card-board. Remittances should be made by postoffice money order, registered letter, or bank draft. Address,

The Saturday Evening Post 725 Sansom St. Phila. Pa

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40 Extra Large New Chromo Cards, no two alike, "prettiest park out;" or 50 French Chromos with name, 10 cts. NASSAU CARD CO., Nassau, N. Y.

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50 CARDS, Feather & Hand Screw &c. in fancy case 10c. Samples 3c. Enquire Card Co, Birmingham, Ct.

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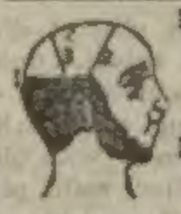

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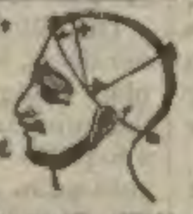
IN HAIR.



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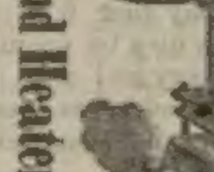

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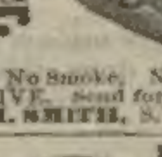

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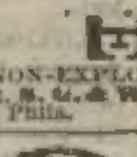

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Ladies' Department.

FASHION CHAT.

DINNER toilettes are very handsome and made of the richest materials. One model is of pekin, in alternate stripes of black satin and white moire; the trimming round the edge and up the front of the skirt consists of pleatings of black satin and flounces of dentelle d'orient, caught up at intervals to form rounded scallops; a double scarf of the pekin, edged with lace, ornaments the front and sides, and at the back is a Watteau pleat, decorated down the centre with a cascade of lace, mixed with black chenille fringe and crystal balls; the corsage is of pekin, cut square in front, and ornamented with lace, fringe, and crystal balls, and a narrow wreath of red-brown rose leaves and rose-buds; the elbow sleeves, with sabots, are trimmed to match the corsage.

The novelties in fichus and collars for evening wear are very pretty and becoming; deep collars are the favorite style. One of these is of pleated batiste, edged with lace; in front is a double coquille of lace, showing a gauged drapery of colored surah between the folds of the lace coquilles, which are short and wide.

Waistcoats of white or light-colored muslin, surah, or gauze, are pretty on a dark dress, and especially useful for theatre toilette.

With black dresses, waistcoats are worn of pleated pink, lilac, maize, or white gauze with a large open collar bordered with lace; the waistcoat is tied across at intervals with moire ribbon, and the ribbon is fastened with buckles or clasps of Rhine pebbles.

Fans are no longer to be the huge screens behind which a pretty face is concealed from view, and, as it were, effaced by a total eclipse; the new fans are far smaller and more graceful.

They are in the Louis XV. style, with sticks of pearl, ivory, or tortoiseshell, and paintings of Watteau scenes; many are of moire, with the monogram and a motto, showing the wit, thoughtfulness, or sentiment, of the fair owner, painted or embroidered in one corner.

Bead trimmings and ornaments are still increasing in richness and variety; jet is much used, but the chief novelties are in colored beads; an Anne d'Autriche belt in bead passementerie is one of these.

The bands are made in all colors, to match the material, and form two ends falling on the tablier of the dress; where they are joined, and terminate in rich tassels covered with beads.

The new chenille ornaments are also very lovely, and are made in imitation of flowers, with the calyx and pistils in beads; they are used as separate ornaments, or as a fringe, and many kinds of flowers are copied in this pretty, soft material.

Swiss belts are pretty additions to a dress, and are generally made in black silk and embroidered with beads, having a satchel bag attached, trimmed to match.

They require to be well cut, well made, and well whaleboned, or they are failures. Plush collarettes brighten up a winter dress but charming little additions are the French mendo or bows, which can be had in any color, and are pinned on the side of the bodice.

They look dressy, and enliven the most sombre costume. Artificial flowers are worn where real are not obtainable on the left side just below the ear, and sometimes a necklet of tiny flowers is added to the lace ruche that encircles the throat.

Plush finds its way to opera mantles, or rather scarves of the half-square form, trimmed with lace plaited at the neck, and completed by a cape.

These are very glossy and bright, and are well suited to the purpose. Lace scarves are also adopted on dressy occasions, plaited at the back, but allowed to flow loosely in front.

The newest ruffles are graduated at the back, and for the neck and cuffs the lace cannot be plaited too closely. Spanish mantillas are draped about the shoulders, and are used on the head for leaving theatres, etc., and also attached to soft velvet bonnets, with no stiffness in them—warm and comfortable for evening wear.

To personate a flower is a pretty idea, and to those readers especially whose purses do not equal their ambition, and who have to depend rather upon their own nimble fingers than those of a dressmaker or costumiere, we give the following descriptions. One of the prettiest of these dresses is the forget-me-not, which just requires a little skill, time, and—that indispensible quality patience, to make.

This must, of course, be blue of the usual pale shade of the flower it represents. A plain Princess dress reaching—if for a little girl to the knees, if for one of "larger growth"—to just above the ankles, of pale blue sattine, cut square at the throat and at the top of the back with sleeves coming like a wide strap only upon the shoulders. This Princess slip must then be entirely covered with pale blue muslin, silk gauze nun's veiling, or a similar fitting transparent material.

The skirt should be flounced with scalloped flounces to represent the leaves of the flower, nearly to the waist, each flounce being separated or headed by a wreath of forget-me-nots, and edged with pale blue lace. The bodice should be bouillonne over the sattine, the sleeves formed of pullings of the same coming nearly to the elbow, edged with tinted blue lace and a wreath of forget-me-nots.

The open square at the throat and back should be partly filled in with tinted blue lace and pale ecru lisse, or lace, as the worker prefers, with an edging of forget-me-nots.

This lisse, of course should be stitched on under the blue lace at the open square and upon the sleeves. Sometimes the entire bodice is covered with forget-me-nots, and for children the whole dress may be covered with them. This, however, the wearer will find more expensive than our original plan.

Pale blue kid or satin shoes with a rosette of forget-me-nots, gloves or silk mittens to match, and stockings—not necessarily of silk, fine Lisle thread, is an excellent substitute—must all be of the same shade. Upon the hair a wreath of forget-me-nots and silver leaves may be worn, or a little bunch of the same just at the side or, which is the prettiest plan of all—a little cap of blue satin or velvet cut into the shape of a large inverted forget-me-not with a pale green calyx and short stalk curling up from the middle, toward the back of the head. This costume would be most suitable and becoming to a fair girl, though it might be worn by a brunette if her complexion was good.

The bluebell and snowdrop might be made in the same way, the snowdrop being in white with green paniers coming from the waist to represent the calyx. The wreath of snowdrops and the little cap may be managed in the same way as the forget-me-not dress.

In the bluebell dress the blue must, of course, be much darker than in the case of the forget-me-not dress; and in making the little cap it must be remembered there is no calyx, only the little curling stalk. One might be a pink, damask, cream, or white rose in the same way, a jonquil, a—but one might go through a list of flowers that would weary the reader and fill up too much space, so suffice it to say that with a little ingenuity great things may be accomplished in this line; and every girl will, of course, choose to personate the flower best suited to her particular style and complexion.

Anklets and bracelets may be made of the flowers, in keeping with the dress, this is, of course, expensive and much more suitable than jewelry

The following is a quiet but elegant dinner dress, is of figured black velvet, a quite plain straight skirt, with an added train of the same, train and skirt being edged with a coquille of black satin, lined with old-gold satin. The tunic is of black satin, piped with old-gold, drawn into paniers in front, and flowing over the velvet train behind mixed with old-gold and black moire ribbons. The corsage, with points back and front, is of figured velvet, edged with a pleated bias band of black satin edged with old-gold piping, a pleated robing of satin ascending the fronts, and encircling the neck, which is cut en cœur in front. The elbow sleeves have a pleated drapery of black satin instead of parements.

Fireside Chat.

NOVELTIES IN DECORATION.

GREAT taste and variety are now displayed in the decoration of toilet tables. Plush and satin or a pretty patterned cretonne are the favorite materials.

Pale blue, peacock-blue of a rich shade, and red are the colors usually seen, and these are arranged with cream Madras muslin, cream lace, or the fancy colored flowered Indian muslin, now in vogue for curtains and window blinds. Satin (cotton backed) is often used as the centre of the top of the toilet table, and plush as the broad border, also satin as the drapery over a deep band of plush. Sometimes the satin is arranged as a deep box-plaited flounce, with drapery of Madras muslin above, and the top is of satin, with a lace edging and loops of ribbon at the corners. The foundation, underneath the muslin, and to which the flounce is sewn, is of blue lining. Many ladies place the beautiful little square, colored, oriental-looking table mats beside the looking glass, underneath the glass scent bottles or brush tray. These mats are principally in red and gold-colored plush, with worsted tassels all around.

Another favorite practice is covering square and long-shaped cardboard boxes with the same as the table drapery, to keep gloves or handkerchiefs in on one side and odds and ends of ribbon on the other. The pincushion is also covered to match. Toilet tables are so wide now that several knick-knacks can be kept on them. Those standing in windows often have a piece of board fastened on to the back to widen them. This piece is hidden by the toilet cover. Embroidered and even painted valances are used for putting round the edge of the table. Pieces of worked satin, intended for banner screens, are let into the front like panels, surrounded by muslin, lace, or a plaiting of satin.

Recently I was shown a toilet table in which the front was of dark-green velvet, with large white silk lilies worked in the centre. The rest of the drapery was cream Madras muslin over dark green, and each side was looped back from the front with large velvet bows.

The cover was of Madras muslin in the centre, with a broad band of green velvet, and a full of lace at the edge. The mirror was set in green velvet, and the pincushion and handkerchief box were covered to match. The furniture of the room was pale green, with dark-green leaves, and the bed hangings and window curtains of Madras muslin, tied with large green velvet bows. The mantel valance was embroidered with large white lilies on velvet, to match the toilet table. I mention this to show to what extent some bed room decorations are carried. It is well known how much real old lace, Greek and Italian principally, is used for toilet-table ornamentation.

Simple toilet covers are of a cross-barred material, with large stars of colored worsted or silk worked all over at intervals. Another design is to mark out a cross-barred pattern all over the material and cover it with feather-stitch in two colored ingrained crochet cottons, blue and red being most in favor.

The blue and red Russian linen lace is used for edging. Both these styles are also much in vogue for tea-cloths and cosies. Occasionally a band of plush is added, which is removed when the cloth requires cleansing; and the cosy is of the same plush.

Gathered plush bands are pretty for looping back *portiere* or window curtains. They are made on stout muslin foundations, and are narrow towards the ends. Both edges are gathered. Red is most general, and a rich rollet is given to it by the gathering. Hand screens are now covered with red plush, gathered towards the handles and finished off with a plaiting and bow of ribbon. The fashionable handles vary from half to three-quarters of a yard in length, and the screen stands against the wall, at the side of the fireplace.

The new Japanese paper hand screens, in different sizes, have these very long handles. Wood baskets are now placed in rooms, and are made ornamental. They are usually of brown wickerwork, and are long. They are lined with glazed calico or fluted satin, and have a vandyked valance outside, headed by a satin ruche. Any short length of embroidered material; especially of Eastern appearance, is now used up for these baskets. Sometimes they are lined with the chintz of the room in which they are kept. Some ladies have a lid added, and use them as work or scrap baskets. Squares of work, originally intended for footstools or cushions, are now being let into the side or front of the new coal receptacle (it can hardly be called a coal box, as we understand the term.) This novelty is in the style of the what-not of old days, having shelves above it on which knick-knacks can be put. The apparently deep drawer at the base opens by a handle, and discloses the coals inside, with the scoop fitted in. Around this base an embroidered valance is occasionally added, so that a very ornamental drawing room object is the result.

A strip of colored plush is often twisted round one side of a picture resting on an easel in a room. Any fancy piece of effective material is also arranged in the same way. Small mirrors are decorated thus. It is much the fashion to paint a wreath or spray of flowers in oils on these mirrors. A great many were to be seen about Christmas time as novel gifts. Glass stands for the dinner table, standing under little flower vases, are painted in the same way. Large mirrors, and also the front of a cottage piano, the panels of a door and cabinet are so decorated.

An original way of ornamenting a wooden front of a piano is to paint a long peacock "eye" feather, leaning across, with the stalk towards the left corner. Across the stalk is painted a miniature hand screen, with the monogram of the owner, or a spray of flowers. Small simulated hand screens seem popular now, for I saw some on d'oyleys recently, made of different colored satin, appliqué on, with a tiny spray of flowers worked in the centre of each. The d'oyleys were the ordinary white ones, and the frames and handles of the fans were worked in silks. The idea was pretty, and most natural-looking. Each fan was in the centre, in a slanting position. This is quite a novelty in d'oyleys, and not at all difficult to carry out.

The centre of a dinner table is now frequently covered with a good-sized plush mat with fancy border and tasseled edges. Only light ornaments are put on it. This has quite superseded the strip of plush or satin. If the table is long, to accommodate a large number of persons, small square mats, to match, are laid at the corner, with a glass of flowers on them.

FAME has, like the Hebrew verb, no present tense

Correspondence.

W. F., (Grass, Kansas.)—Yes.

P. S. L., (Jasper, Miss.)—We cannot use your poem.

D. C. H., (Portland, Oregon.)—The curtains should face outwardly—that is, towards the street.

H. W. G., (Groveton, Ga.)—Your subscription expires with No. 41 of the current volume. 2. We think they are.

L. L. F., (Crawford, Pa.)—We know nothing of them, but advise you to have nothing to do with them before writing to the postmaster at that place as to their standing.

R. E., (Lone Star, Tex.)—We will send you an address by mail where you may purchase the required articles. We do not publish the location of business houses in this column.

SUB, (Bremen, Ind.)—1. We know nothing personally, but believe it to be all it is claimed to be. 2. Consult a good physician. 3. We know nothing about them one way or the other.

BREWER, (New York, N. Y.)—The term "court in banc," simply means that all the judges of court then sit together to hear a case instead of one. "Banc" means bench, or in our times chair, in which the judge sits.

SUBSCRIBER, (Dayton, O.)—Neither the inventor nor the date of the invention of watches are exactly known. The honor, however, is usually given to Nuremberg, Germany, where they were made some five or six hundred years ago.

G. T., (Evansville, Ind.)—You had better consult your own feelings in the matter. Perhaps he is not so much to blame for the coolness you mention, and an influence may have been brought to bear on him. His seeking your company again is a proof of his affection for you.

W. S. W., (Gaffney, S. C.)—There is no harm in accompanying a lady to her home from church either night or day. On the contrary, supposing the young man was an agreeable companion, most young ladies would gratefully appreciate such an attention. 2. We do not know the firm, and cannot say.

O. O. G., (Chesterfied, Va.)—J. Wilkes Booth was shot in a barn on the Garrett farm, near Port Royal, Carolina county, Va., on the 26th of April, 1865. He was captured by a troop of United States soldiers. The name of the soldier who shot him was Boston Corbett. He is buried in a cemetery at Baltimore, Md.

IGNORAMUS, (Hebron, W. Va.)—Tweed was President of the Board of Public Works in New York, in which position he handled and peculated a large amount of money. The discovery of his theft caused his arrest and imprisonment. He escaped from jail, was recaptured, sent back again, and died there. He was never Mayor of the city.

HARMON, (Fannin, Tex.)—You must calculate it by square measure. There are 640 acres in a square mile, and as a square league would be nine times a square mile, the result is easily arrived at. The rule to get the surface area of a square is to multiply the side by itself. 2. Emo, is an abbreviation of the Latin word "duodecimo"—twelve—and means in bookbinding a sheet of paper folded into that number of leaves.

L. C. B., (Maryaville, Tenn.)—It is highly honorable to keep company with "other ladies" while engaged to a particular one. If anything, it increases the offence when the sweetheart is living in a distant city, for it adds hypocrisy to inconstancy. There is absolutely nothing that we can consider base in a lover toward his intended wife. 2. We do not believe in promiscuous kissing, and the girl who would let a man kiss her "good-night" on first acquaintance, is about as careless in permitting it as he impudent in asking it.

ALICE P., (Philadelphia, Pa.)—We should advise you, with all kindness, to seek some other profession. If you are so devoted to theatricals, you have much to do before you can hope for the chance of exhibiting your abilities. In the first place, you must improve your education. Your letter shows that you have a fair foundation to begin on, but both your writing and spelling may be amended. A couple of months spent in this way would materially aid your views. Write to us again in that time, and according to the progress you have made, we will further advise you.

PARENT, (Trenton, N. J.)—No; why should you destroy old love-letters? Just now they may seem commonplace, even bordering on the ridiculous; but, as years go on, old memories will cling around them and make them sacred. The lapse of five—ten—fifteen years will not affect their meaning; but when they have been laid away for half a century or more, the hallowing influence of time will have done its work—will have made what once was commonplace, even ridiculous, sacred. And even when not sanctified by years, love-letters take on them a new and serious complexion when one of the lovers is dead and gone.

MAMIE, (Ball, Ind.)—If your parents forbade you to give the young gentlemen a lock of your hair, it was wrong in you to disobey them; otherwise, seeing that you have corresponded with the young gentleman for two years, you have not been to blame. Young ladies eighteen years of age would do better to follow the advice of their parents than to listen to the pleadings of a lover, however honorable that person may be in his conduct or intentions. 2. Your handwriting is very characteristic. From the way in which you form your letters, we should say you were a young lady of artistic tastes. A plainer hand, however, would be preferred for commercial purposes. 3. Catherine means pure and clean; Margaret, pearl. 4. Glycerine and rose-water will soften and whiten the hands.

A. F. S., (Norristown, Pa.—The rose, the emblem of England, dates from the time of the wars between the houses of York and Lancaster, the white rose distinguishing the first, and the red rose the latter. They were united by the marriage of Henry VII. to the Princess Elizabeth, daughter of Edward IV. The shamrock was introduced to the Irish by St. Patrick, as a symbol of the Trinity; and in order to make them understand his meaning of uniting three into one, he showed them a piece of trefoil. The thistle is the emblem of the "Order of the Thistle of Scotland," founded by James V. in 1540. It consisted originally of himself and twelve knights, in imitation of Christ and his twelve apostles. After the death of James it was discontinued, but renewed by James VII. of Scotland and II. of England, in May, 1687. It then consisted of eight knights, Queen Anne increased the number to twelve, and George IV. to fifteen.